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THE STORY OF INEZ

C. V. Kavanagh

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE STORY OF INEZ.

A PLAY

As Pure and Wholesome as the Sun and Air,

As Typical of California as its Fruits and Flowers.

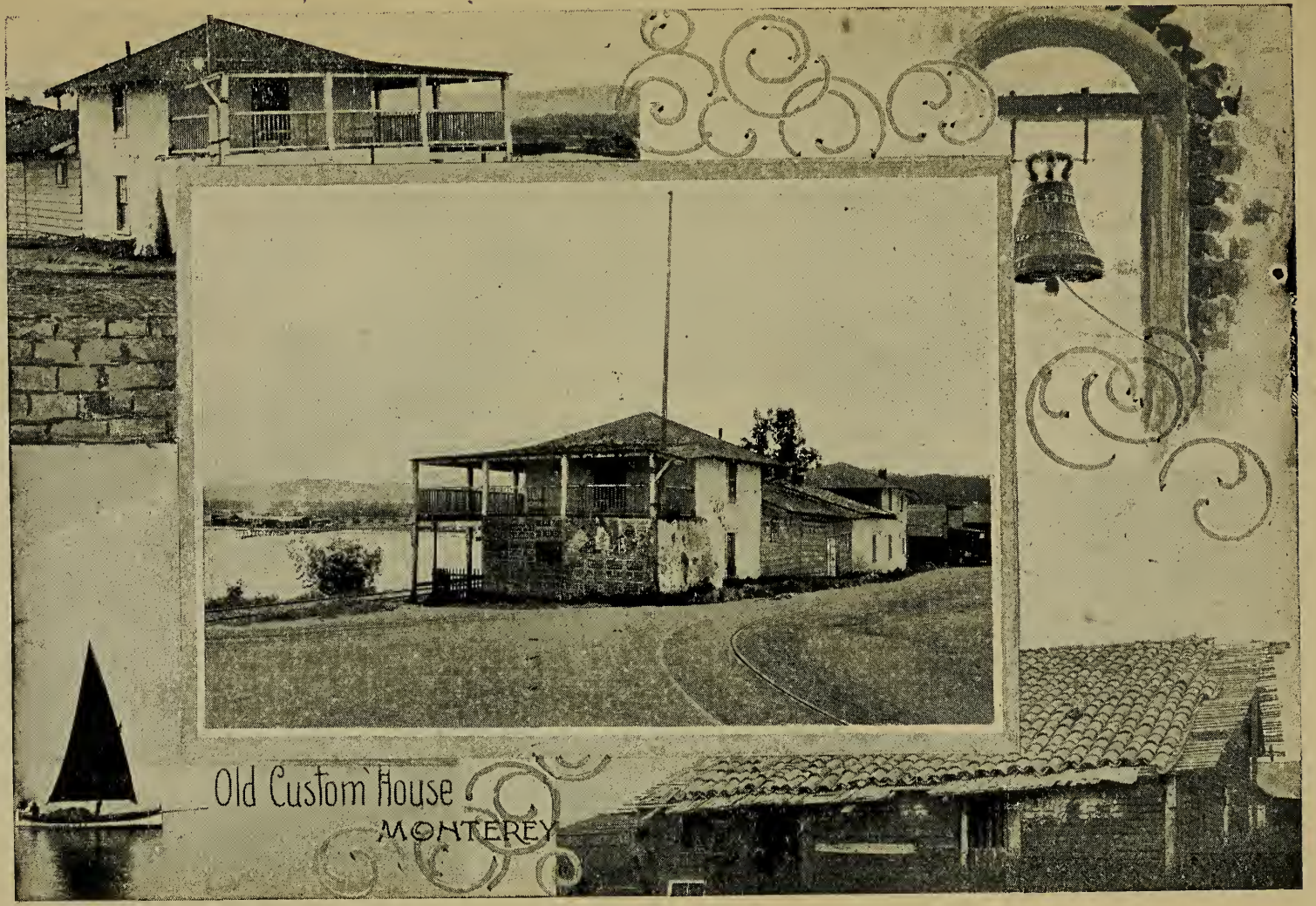
BY

Charles Vincent Kavanagh.

1900

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Old Custom House
MONTEREY

58432

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CHARLES VINCENT KAVANAGH.

Among those to whom I am especially indebted for many kindnesses I wish to particularly render due acknowledgement to my brother,

Fred William Kavanagh.

for generous assistance and encouragement, in the preparation and presentation of this play.


EUREKA

— TO MY NATIVE STATE —

CALIFORNIA.

The perusal of the history of which is at once a lesson and an example of all that is most noble and glorious in the field of human endeavor and from the pages of which "THE STORY OF INEZ" was fashioned.



One Hundred Copies of this Edition have been printed of which this is

No _____

INEZ.

Sweeter pine-clad hills were never,
Sweeter flowers were never wreathed,
Sweeter life in summer season,
Sweeter air was never breathed,
Gentler maiden than fair Inez,
Purer love in heart and mind.
Never beat in breast of woman,
Angel soul in woman kind.

R. H. K.





SCENES OF THE PLAY.

ACT I.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

—(An interval of ONE DAY.)—

ACT II.

RANCHO EL MARIO.

—(An interval of TWENTY YEARS.)—

ACT III.

SAME AS ACT II.

—(An interval of SIX YEARS.)—

ACT IV.

—— SACRISTY. ——

SAN CARLOS BORROMEO, Monterey

LOCATION,	TIME,	PERIOD.
MONTEREY, CAL.	1852.	EARLY CAL.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY,

John Van Raer,.....An Attorney.

Don Luis Mazalveda,.....of Rancho El Mario.

Padre Salcedo,.....of Mission San Carlos.

Judge Blackson,.....of Blackson & Moreland.

Major McGlory,..... U. S. A.

Lieutenant Simcoe,.....U. S. A.

Andreo Mazalveda,.....of Mission San Carlos,

Felipe,..... of the Rancho El Mario,

Benito,..... Attendant at Mission San Carlos.

Inez Mazalveda,.....Daughter of Don Luis Mazalveda.

Edith Blackson,.....Daughter of Judge Blackson.

1st. Child.....

—— Children. ——

THE STORY OF INEZ.

A PLAY.

ACT I.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SCENE. . . . Street in Monterey, showing Old Custom House on L. with flag-pole fastened to corner. On R. is a row of houses built in style peculiar to the period. Over doorway of house R. 1. E, is a sign reading, "Office of Blackson & Moreland." As curtain rises discloses empty stage. Music is heard and procession of children enters singing and bearing flowers in their hands. The girls are all dressed in white, having long, loose white veils floating from wreaths on their heads, allowing faces to be seen. The complexions of the children range in color from the very dark Indian tint to the lighter though still dark olive hue of the Spaniard while some few are perfectly white as if Americans. The procession enters L. U. E. and after marching around fountain, placed at center of stage, exeunt R. U. E. leaving McGlory and Simcoe who have entered last L. and are watching the children, alone. They gradually advance to front.

Mc G. . . . . A very pretty sight, Lieutenant?

Sim. . . . . Very Major, and yet a common one hereabouts. You see the population of Monterey is very religious and all the customs and ceremonies of their church are most devoutly and rigidly observed.

Mc G. . . . . This was a religious procession then?

Sim. . . . Yes, in fact, the children go to be confirmed. In the olden time this was esteemed a very great occasion and the ceremonies attendant upon its bestowal were

very beautiful and impressive. Nowadays however the presence here of the "Gringo," in such large numbers makes it very difficult for the Padres to continue all those old customs and traditions which are so dear to them.

Mc G. . . . . A curious people, Simcoe. Having but just arrived from an eastern post, I observe them with greater interest. Have you been stationed here long?

Sim. . . . . Yes, in fact ever since we acquired California. I say "acquired," for that is the term by which that process which procured us the State is known. That is at least the diplomatic way of expressing it.

Mc G. . . . . Diplomacy has a lexicon of its own Simcoe, and its terms if unusual are fraught with meaning. But about these people?

Sim. . . . . The people here Major, are indeed most interesting and when you know them better, you will learn to admire and to respect them. Wedded to their old and treasured memories, they present a spectacle that is most charming, Impracticability and the absence of those qualities of adaptability and industry have been their undoing. Lacking the enterprise and progressiveness that is so striking a characteristic of our people, they believed that their beautiful Arcadian existence was destined to continue forever.

Mc G. . . . . Still it was impossible for Spain to retain the State.

Sim. . . . . Yes, and to the older families who remained loyal to the mother country, the separation of California from Spain was a terrible affliction. When Mexico declared her Independence and assumed control here, California sustained the first serious interruption to its progress at the hands of the unscrupulous ministers of the young Republic.

Mc G. . . . . Yes, but the usurpers were themselves Spanish?

Sim. .....True and this might have been endured with patience perhaps, but when the State passed from the feeble control of Mexico and was forever lost to the Spanish their anguish knew no bounds.

McG. .....But as it was inevitable that eventually the United States must take California, why then do they repine over what they must have know could not be avoided?

Sim. .....Nevertheless Major, they do regret it for they can never forget that California once was theirs, nor can they forgive us for having wrested from them a country to which they were attached by the memory of its discovery and of their achievements,

McG. .....And for the American people Simcoe, do they still treasure in their hearts the fury of their resentment?

Sim. .....By no means Major. Primarily the "Don" is a gentleman and he harbors no feeling of animosity against us as distinct individuals. Rather is it against the people as a nation that his hatred is directed. But here comes Van Raer, you could not consult a better authority on these matters than he.

[Enter Van Raer, L. U. E.]

Van. .... [advancing to McG. and shaking hands.] Ah Major, welcome to Monterey. Good morning, Simcoe.

McG. .....Thanks. We have just been discussing the early proprietors, Mr. Van Raer and Simcoe has referred me to you for further information on the subject

Van, ...Has he? Well, you see Major, our firm has acquired a great practice among our Spanish friends and naturally I take a deep if somewhat selfish interest in all that concerns them, hence the reference to me. Can I be of any service to you?

Sim. .....The Major has just been inquiring the reasons for the continuance of ill-feeling between the older Spanish residents and our newer American arrivals.

Van.....Ah, indeed. Well that is very simple. You are aware perhaps of all that has occurred prior to our occupation Major?

McG.....Oh, yes, Simcoe has been instructing me.

Van.....Well, after the acquisition of California by the United States, came naturally the settlement of all those vexatious land cases which have really caused all the friction between the two peoples since the raising of "Old Glory" on yonder flagstaff. [points to pole on Custom House.]

McG.....Here then is where that historic event occurred, eh?

Sim.....Precisely. That was the Spanish Custom House and it was here that our Commodore Sloat landed and assumed possession.

McG.....Indeed? How interesting!

Van.....The "Dons" were most careless in the matter of the proper registration of their titles and grants, which the mother country of Spain and later the Mexican government had given them. Naturally then, since these grants were issued many changes have occurred in the government and great confusion has resulted, whereby many of these titles to immense quantities of land have become imperiled. In order to secure themselves and their descendants, these old Spanish families are now endeavoring to have their claims so protected as to remove them from the assaults of our enterprising though unscrupulous speculators. In this branch of the legal business our firm has established a splendid reputation and consequently we have been retained on a great many of these celebrated cases, in fact that is precisely what brings me to Monterey at this time.

Sim.....What particular case have you here Van Raer?

Van.....That of the Rancho El Mario. You know Simcoe, the Don Louis Mazalveda.



+ + + CARMEL MISSION + + +

Sim. . . . . He who has the lovely daughter?

Van. . . . . Precisely, It is the validity of his title to El Mario that we are at present defending.

Sim. . . . . Indeed! I had heard something of it but had forgotten. Bytheway, where were you last evening? I did not see you at the dance: the lovely Senorita Inez Mazalveda was there.

Van. . . . . Was she? I was busy nearly all night arranging the papers in our case and so was prevented from attending. Judge Blackson, the senior member of our firm arrived today, have you met him as yet?

McG. . . . . I have. His daughter accompanies him, a most charming girl.

Sim. . . . . [Impulsively] What? A new face in town and I did not know it? A "most charming girl" did you say Major, and you have met her?

McG. . . . . Oh yes, and she is a real beauty too.

Sim. . . . . Good Heavens, a lovely "Gringo"? I'm losing valuable time. [grasps McG. by the arm and attempts to pull him away] Come (dragging Mc G.) they both exeunt R. U. E.

Van. . . . . (alone and in an agitated manner) What can have brought Edith to Monterey. Surely no hint of Inez could have reached her and yet—her sudden appearance here alarms me. (fiercely) What damnable fatality drew me hither to so involve myself as to be beyond the hope of honorable retreat. Pledged to Edith I have allowed myself to become attached to Inez, only to cause her pain and humiliation. How am I to tell Inez who has learned to love me and trust me, that I am to marry another, that all my protestations were false and that I am a scoundrel.

(Enter Felipe R. U. E.)

Fel. . . . . Senor Van Raer?

Van. . . . . (turning) Ah, Felipe, what news?

Fel.....The Senorita Mazalveda orders me to say to you, that she has heard with pleasure of the arrival at Monterey of the Senor and Senorita Blackson, and that she will do herself the honor to call upon them this afternoon and will beg of them to visit the Rancho El Mario, there to reside during their sojourn here.

Van.....Convey to the Senorita Mazalveda my sincere thanks for her great courtesy to my friends and inform her that I will myself prepare for her introduction to them.

Fel.....Gracias Senor, the Senorita Inez will be delighted.
(exit R, U. E., as Edith enters L. U, E.)

Van.....Ah Edith, you have managed to find your way unattended?

Ed..... Oh yes, John. Of what should I be afraid? Why everything is so quiet here that I am sure that nothing could happen to me.

Van.....And you are right Edith. Monterey is very quiet and peaceful and I am glad that you like it.

Ed..... Oh yes I admire it greatly, it is such a dear delightful old place, so full of sentiment and memories and those old Spanish families are positively irresistible, though they are so everlastingly ceremonious and polite.

Van.....I am pleased that you have taken to them Edith, for I have learned to like and to respect them.

Ed.....How strange and quiet you are! What has caused you to conceive so violent an admiration for them.

Van.....(seriously) For nearly three-quarters of a century, Edith, the Spaniard has owned and controlled California and during that time he has learned to love and revere it as his very own. He it was who discovered it and it was he who has settled and improved it. From nothing he has developed a paradise which is to him, a new fatherland. Here it was that his children and his children's

children were born and to them it is their native land. For all these years he has continued working and striving and only living for it and now it is his no longer. Now he is compelled to give place to another and stronger people than his own, and he is sad. It is simply the survival of the fittest and while it is natural that as an American I should feel proud to own this beautiful land, which is every day becoming richer and stronger, still I cannot resist extending my sympathy to these people, who bear their reverses with such calm and dignified resignation.

Ed. ..... Oh, bother your dreadful sentimentality; it makes you too serious and if you are not careful, will put wrinkles in your forehead. I live in the present, not in the dark and dismal past; the problems that interested our predecessors have no attractions for me. Let us talk of something else.

Van.....As you will Edith, but that reminds me, this afternoon I will have the honor I hope, of presenting to you the Senorita Inez Mazalveda, of the Rancho El Mario. You will remember, that this is the case which has brought me hither and which also in bringing your father to Monterey, has secured to me the pleasure of seeing yourself.

Ed.....How nice; you are improving. I will be delighted to meet her. Is she pretty?

Van.....(gravely) Very.

Ed.....(naievely) Indeed? I shall be afraid of her I think. With such a lovely name, she must be irresistible.

Van.....Ah Edith, she is as good as she is beautiful and I am sure that you will like her at once. She is the "Lady Bountiful" here; and all the people fairly worship her.

Ed. .....How interesting? From your description I am sure that I shall love her at once.

Van ..... Well, let us talk of ourselves a little. I am not sure that this is quite the proper place to broach such a subject, but perhaps it is as well chosen as any that I could find here. Your father has intimated to me his desire that I should enter the firm at once, as he is determined to retire upon the conclusion of the present litigation.

Ed. ..... Oh John, I am very glad.

Van ..... I thought perhaps that in view of that contingency we may as well announce the fact of our engagement at the same time. I feel assured that your father will approve of this; and I know that I most heartily desire it. Of course I am aware that this is somewhat unconventional, but the circumstances are such that it can hardly be otherwise.

Ed. ..... Well John dear, I am sure that whatever you do is for the best. You know that I have always assented to your wish, to have it remain quiet for the time, owing to your exaggerated notion of what the world would say. Just as if I cared whatever it might say.

Van ..... (taking her hand and speaking very seriously and earnestly) Well dear, you have made me very happy and my only regret now is, that I have remained silent so long. Edith dear, I shall be very good to you, and the words I said to you when you listened to my pleadings, I now repeat. You are all the world to me, and you shall remain so to the end.

Ed. ..... Oh we shall be all the world to each other John, and I feel sure we shall be very happy.

Van ..... But here is your father now. Perhaps I could do no better than to tell him at once, I will avail myself of the opportunity. (Enter Blackson, Major and Simcoe R. U. E.)

Black.....Ah! Edith, I thought I should find you somewhere around here. The Major wishes to introduce this gentleman to you.

McG.....Miss Blackson, allow me to present my friend, Lieutenant Simcoe.

Ed..... I am pleased to meet any friend of the Major's.

Sim.....(bowing) The pleasure, I am sure, is mine, Miss Blackson.

Black. You have a quiet post here, I imagine?

McG.....Very quiet, Judge, in fact, there is so little to attend to here, that I believe the government will soon abandon Monterey, and will remove the command to San Francisco.

Sim.....Well! that is news indeed, Major, and I, for one, can assure you that I shall be very glad of the change.

McG.....No doubt. Monterey is a little slow, eh?

Sim.....Why! it does'nt move at all. It's positively dead, it's so very quiet here.

Ed..... Why! how can you say so, Lieutenant Simcoe? I think it 's just lovely; I could live here charmingly, everything is so interesting to me.
(Enter Inez, L. U. E., who, seeing the party conversing, does not interrupt them, but listens, awaiting cue.)

Black. I guess you could, Edith, you have always admired this quiet sort of thing. But what say you, Van Raer, shall I announce the good news?

Van.....As you will, Judge, I have already prepared Edith for it, it requires your authority to make it legal.

Black....Well Edith, I have some pleasant intelligence to communicate. And for you gentlemen, I have also some news. From this day on, we have a new partner in our firm, and our title will be "Blackson, Moreland & Van Raer." Congratulate me on our new acquisition, Edith.

Ed. ..... Oh father, I am very glad. I am sure that you can take a long rest now, as John can take your place.

Inez.....(at back, startled.) John?

Van Yes Judge, we have been planning for a long time now, on your account, all tending towards a long vacation for you, and, (turning to Edith.) I am very glad that you will have your wish at last, dear.

Inez.....(greatly agitated.) Dear? My God! what can this mean?

McG.....My hand, Van Raer, I wish you every success.

Van.....Thanks, Major; and you Simcoe?

Sim.....Well, I rather think the Judge is to be congratulated; he has got the best of the bargain.

Van .....(shaking hands with Sim.) Just like you, my boy.

Black.....And I agree with Simcoe; I consider that we are very fortunate.

Van .....Well Edith, with your permission, I have also some news to tell. With the consent of Judge Blackson gentlemen, I have the honor to announce, an engagement of marriage, between Miss Edith Blackson and myself.

Inez .... (much overcome.) Marriage?

Sim.....Great Goodness! you seem in Luck's way, Van Raer; allow me to congratulate you.

McG..... And I also, Van Raer, may you be very happy.

Van..... Again, thanks, gentlemen; but will you not step into my office, I have some fine old Mission wine, and you will be able to pledge the health of the bride to be.

Black.....(to Edith.) Ah, ha! Why was I not told of this before, Miss Independene?

Ed. . . . . [naively] Oh, father, you knew it all the time.
(all exeunt into house, R., leaving door ajar. Occasionly they can be heard talking in a low hum of voices. Inez totters weakly and leans against house, L. for support.

Inez . . . . . (half-sobbing,) My God; what can this mean? What has he been saying this man whose words mean so much to me? His wife-? No, no, it can not be, and yet - - he himself has said so. Oh God! what shall I do? (helplessly) Surely I have heard aright and yet - - - it's monstrous! (angrily) She can never be aught to him, he is bound in honor to me, and he must not thus abandon me.(realizing her position she becomes again helpless) Oh mother in heaven, am I to be so punished? To to think that I who - - who - - have - loved him so must now be condemned to suffer such disgrace and humiliation. (convulsively) Oh my father, what will become of me?(sinks to her knees sobbing wildly, enter Padre Salcedo, R. U. E. slowly, sees Inez and rushing to her, endeavors to raise her.)

Padre . . . . Senorita Inez, my child, what is the matter? Are you ill, my daughter?

Inez . . . . . (rising and clinging to him convulsively) Padre, padre! [sobs]

Padre. . . . . [soothingly) There, there, calm yourself, my daughter. The heat has been too great for you. Be tranquil, my Inez, you will be well presently.

Inez . . . . . Oh, it will never be well with me again!

Padre . . . . . What is this you are saying, Inez? Come, be calm, collect yourself.

Inez . . . . . Oh, I shall never know peace again.

Paere. . . . . Child, do not talk so; it is wicked. I am here, I will soothe and comfort you. The Padre Salcedo, your second

father, will help you. Tell me Inez— no harm can come to you—what has befallen with you?

Van.....(speaking from inside house as if answering to a toast) Oh yes, gentlemen, I will be successful if only for the sake of Inez Mazalveda.

Inez..... (starting) He—?

Padre.....(questioningly) Who?

Inez.....[throwing herself into Padre's arms.] Oh Padre, do not question me—I cannot answer you, now—only grant me mercy and forgiveness.

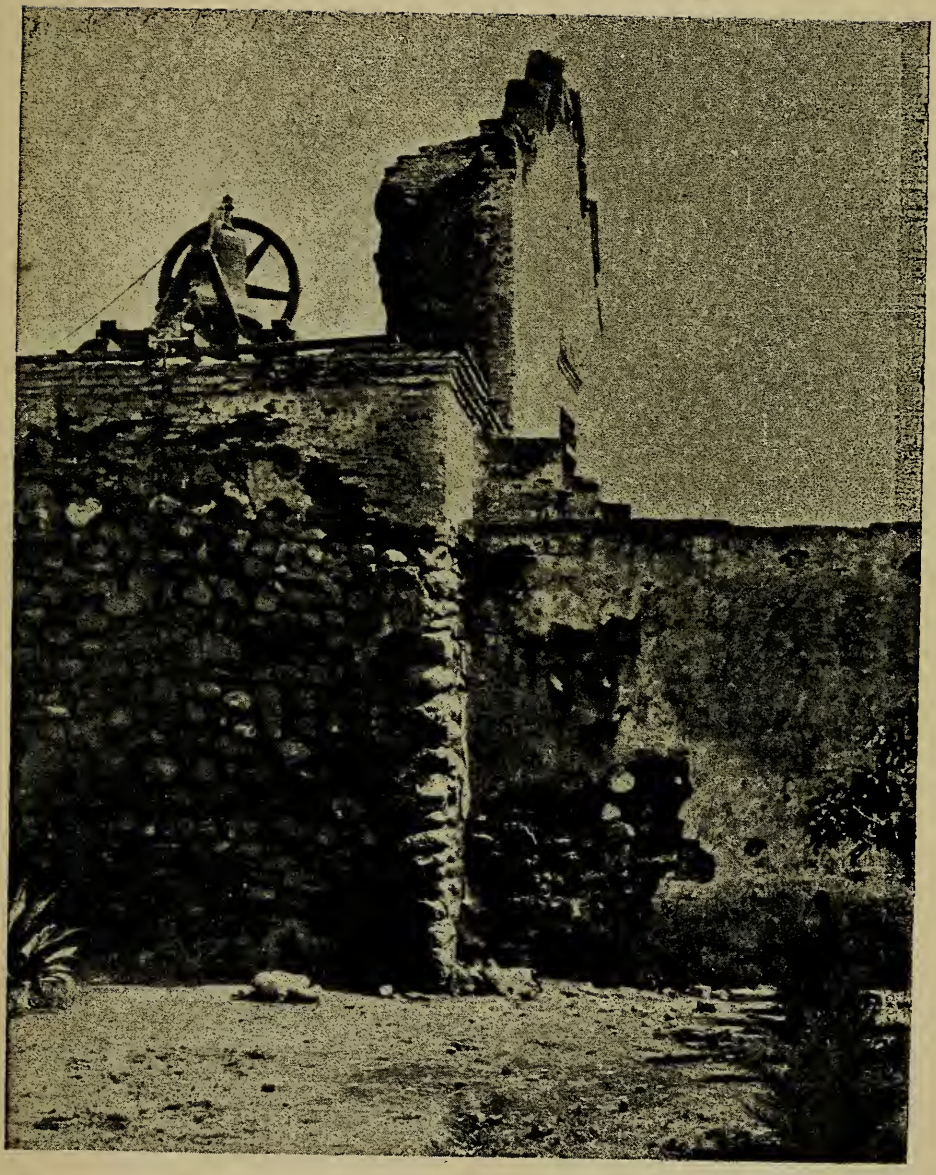
Padre..... [angrily] What enigma is this Inez? Explain yourself? Have you been injured?

Inez.....Beyond all redemption!
(throws h erself on Padre's breast, sobbing and fainting. Procession of children again enters singing, R. U. E. as Padre releases Inez, and allows her to fall gradually to stage while he stands as if amazed. A pause. Padre in deep thought seems slowly to realize the meaning of her words and raising his right hand points to house wherein is Van Raer.)

Padre.....Beyond all redemption! Mercy and forgiveness! What can this mean? [with vigor] He—?
(children march around, singing.)

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

RANCHO EL MARIO.



SCENE.....Garden showing casa of the Rancho El Mario. House at back, built in Mission style with tile roof and long double windows, opening on veranda. Door at L. C., of house. Windows opened showing a furnished room. At back of room a book-case. In C., is a table on which is a litter of books and papers; a caraffe of water, decanter of wine; and some glasses; also jug of tobacco and package of brown papers for making cigarettes. A chair on each side of table, facing front. This room is practical as is also door opening on veranda; and flight of steps leading into garden. Disposed around garden are plain wooden settees. At opening of act Felipe is discovered trying to drive children out of garden. Children shout and run about, playing. From where cue is introduced, music continues to end of act.

Fel.....Here! here, you little devils, leave those flowers alone. Caramba! You will not leave a rose with which to dress the altar. Be off with you.
(enter Don L., from house; the children surround him shouting,)

Don.....How fresh and sweet you look, my children. You are happy, eh? That's right, shout away, it does me good to hear you. There, there now, run away, or Felipe will be cross again. (exeunt children R., as Don de-

tains the last, a little girl, and kisses her.) Ah, a kiss for you, little one? (child runs after the others R.) Well Felipe, everything prospers, eh? (seats himself.)

Fel..... Si Senor, all is as you could wish. The harvest will be abundant and everything is most prosperous.

Don..... Buena Felipe, buena. Ah, how beautiful our California is, how mild and glorious is our sun and air; all nature seems to be at peace and all is joy, all is happiness and contentment.

Fel..... Beautiful indeed, Don Luis.

Don..... Ah Felipe, to think that we could not forever retain this land. To think of the struggles and sacrifices and the sufferings this country has cost us, and now it is ours no longer.

Fel..... You are right, Senor, it is terrible.

Don .... Fate is hard Felipe and it was a cruel blow to take from us our quiet and tranquil existence.

Fel..... Si Senor, since the "Gringo" came, the quiet life has gone.

Don..... Now it is all for gold that man works and lies and steals. In the wild scramble for existence, the commandments are forgotten and we are over-run with a swarm of adventurers.

Fel..... But the Padre Salcedo says, that we must not think of that; all is for the best and that God only sees fit to try his children.

Don..... [rises agitated] The trial is severe Felipe, the trial is severe. We would be less than human, did we not regret those happy days when Spain protected us. To think of all that is gone—of our quiet and peaceful lives now so rudely disturbed—ah I still suffer and the old wound is sore and the sting of our conquest, still rankles in my heart.

Fel. . . . . Si Senor, the Americano has done us great mischief but it can not now be changed. The good Padre, Salcedo says, that God will direct and preserve us.

Don. . . . . (solemnly) Then let us rest in His mercy, Felipe.

Fel. . . . . How goes the case Senor? Will we win or will the devilish Americano take from us our beautiful El Mario?

Don. . . . . The Don Senor Van Raer tells me that all is secure and that in a short time the court will decree that we are right and will give us justice. He is a noble man, the Senor Van Raer, and I have much confidence in him. But here is our good Padre, Felipe, leave us.
(exit Felipe R., as Padre enters L.)

Don . . . . . Buenas dias, Padre.

Padre. . . . . A good morning and a blessing to you, Don Luis; you are well?

Don . . . . . As well as I ever am now, Padre.

Padre. . . . . Ah Luis, Luis, why will you always treasure in your heart this resentment against the mandates of God?

Don. . . . . Not against God do I complain, but against those who have so grievously injured me and mine.

Padre. . . . . Why do you remain so stubborn and unrelenting?

Don. . . . . You ask me that?

Padre. . . . . These people have only done what seems to be their duty. Reasons of state compelled them to annex California.

Don. . . . . Reasons of state?

Padre. . . . . Yes, reasons of state. Without entering into the merits of your quarrel with these people, let me ask you, what is the use of further contention? What is done, cannot be undone. Why then do you allow yourself to dwell and ponder on your wrongs, until *in*

your memory, they become every day, greater than they are.

Don..... Sometimes I wish that I could forget.

Padre..... Banish from your mind, my dear Luis, all those disagreeable and futile memories which serve only to make you dissatisfied. Try and adapt yourself to these newer conditions, and to rise superior to all those sentimental injuries which now weigh you down with the weight of their accumulated bitternesses. Dispel your gloomy fancies and rejoice again in the present prospect of a prosperous future beneath the institutions that are so rapidly making of this young Republic, a giant nation,

Don..... Well, well, what you say is for the best no doubt, but yet I cannot forget that all this beautiful country once was ours, that its every tree and every rock, every flower and every shrub, are part and parcel of our work and our development, There is no single entity which the state contains that is not associated with the remembrance of our sufferings and our achievements. Oh; Padre, you cannot feel as I do, else you would not talk so calmly of submitting to these newer conditions that are so distasteful and repugnant to me.

Padre..... If you would only make the endeavor, you might yet be happy,

Don..... Enough of this for the day; California is lost to us forever and I must learn to bow in submission to a fate, which I am powerless to avert. Now to other things. How went the ceremonies yesterday?

Padre..... Well indeed; fifty children were confirmed in our holy religion. It was a glorious sight. But the Senorita, is she well? I have not seen her to-day.

Don..... She is not well, Upon her return from Monterey yesterday, she complained of a slight indisposition and retired at once. I have not seen her since.

Padre. . . . (questioningly) Indeed?

Don . . . . . Do you know if anything occurred in Monterey to disturb her?

Padre. . . . No Senor. I encountered Inez yesterday near our old Custom House as I was returning from the Mass. She was greatly excited, and I fear, very ill. She did not acquaint me with the nature of her illness and though I am sure that nothing serious could have occurred, still I am anxious regarding her condition.

Don. . . . . (musingly) What could have happened? Surely nothing of any moment; and yet —[wonderingly]— she has not acted thus since she was born.

Padre. . . . . Oh, it is some passing irritation, she will be herself to-day I hope. The ceremonies were somewhat long and the day was a most trying one. Perhaps the excitement was too great for her.

Don. . . . . I believe that I shall send to inquire for her. Though I am not anxious, still her illness alarms me.

Padre. . . . Has the Senorita Inez never spoken of her future, Don Luis?

Don. . . . . How mean you? Of a possible marriage?

Padre. . . . Yes.

Don . . . . . No, and I have never mentioned the subject to her.

Padre . . . Has she never expressed a liking or regard for any of our eligible young men?

Don. . . . . No, never. She has ever been as you have known her and never has she had a single thought that she has not confided it to you. But why do you ask?

Padre. . . . . (evasively) Oh, for no reason. Inez is now of an age when the subject of matrimony should be brought to her attention. Perhaps some caballero has already attracted her notice and if so it might chance that her present distress was occasioned by a misunderstanding with him.

Don.....(wonderingly) Padre, are you concealing something from me? What is it?

Padre.... [openly] It is nothing. Be assured Don Luis, that I would with-hold nothing from you which in any way concerned your daughter's happiness. I know of nothing which threatens it; be tranquil Senor, all is well.

Don.....It worries me greatly Padre, to observe in Inez, a tendency to seek companionship and intercourse with these newly arrived American families. Though I have not forbidden her their society; still it grieves me much to find her constantly in the company of these people. When next you converse with her I desire you to particularly remind her of my wishes in this matter. She is of a different race and condition from them and her ways are not their ways. They neither think nor act as I would have my daughter conduct herself (taking Padre by the arm and approaching L.) You will also my dear Padre— (exeunt both talking. L. 2, E. as Felipe preceeding Blackson, Edith, McGlory and Simcoe enter R. I. E.)

Fel..... No Senors, the Senorita Inez is not well to-day, but I will inform the Don Senor Mazalveda. that you are here; and he will welcome you himself to El Mario. Pardon, Senors and Senorita, I go to summon him. (exit Felipe, L. 2. E.)

Ed.....How ceremonious, yet how delightful, these Spanish servants are.

McG.....Miss Blackson agrees with me, Judge, that these Spaniards are a most charming people.

Sim.....Miss Blackson, you have a most excellent echo in the Major. He fairly raves over these old Spanish families and their customs and manners, and he dotes on everything connected with early California.

Black.....Well, I can heartily sympathize with his enthusiasm Simcoe, for this is truly a most interesting country and there is a wealth of tradition and sentiment

attached to it that is most fascinating.

Ed ..... I am so sorry the Senorita is ill, as I was most anxious to meet her, John has spoken so highly of her that I have looked forward to this meeting, with a great deal of pleasure.

Black.... And considerable curiosity, I suppose too Edith?

Sim..... Well Miss Blackson, you will certainly not be disappointed in the Senorita, as — —but here is the Senor Mazalveda himself.
(enter Don and Padre Salcedo.) L. 2. E.

Don..... Welcome to El Mario. Ah, Major, and you Lieutenant, the casa is yours as you know. Judge Blackson, command me. Senorita and you gentlemen, the Padre Salcedo.

Padre.... (bowing) God's blessing, Senors.

Ed ..... Oh Senor, tell me [Padre and McGlory talk aside] may we not see your daughter? We have been informed that she is ill. I am so sorry, I had hoped so much to see her; I trust that her illness will not be serious.

Don..... It is nothing Senorita and I am sure that Inez will receive you before you go.

Ed..... Thank you so much, Senor Don.

Black..... Senor, you have a beautiful place here, it is no wonder that you are attached to it.

Don..... El Mario is my home, Judge, and there is no place on earth so sweet to me. Here it was that my daughter was born and here her mother died. It is endeared to me by many recollections and if I were compelled to leave it, I would not care to live. I could not leave El Mario.

Black.... Well Senor, there will, I hope, be no necessity for you to do so. Van Raer tells me that we have a sure case and he is rarely mistaken. [enter Van Raer R. 2. E.] Ah! you finally got away eh?

Van.....Yes, though those dreadful people would insist upon my remaining. Well Edith how do you like El Mario.

Ed.....Is'nt it just splendid? Why I think it's just magnificent

Van.....Have you met the Senorita as yet?

Ed.....Not yet, she is ill, but we are to see her before we leave.

Don.....You will excuse us Senorita, and you also gentlemen, the Senor Blackson wishes to examine some documents regarding our case. Senor Van Raer, I leave you to entertain our friends for the moment.

Van.....Certainly Don Luis, I will be delighted.

Don.....Thank you Senor. Come Judge, this way if you please Padre, will you not join us.
(Black., Padre and Don exeunt into house L. C.)

Van.....Edith, this is a beautiful old place, so full of romance and sentiment. Major, I should imagine that El Mario would have a great interest for you.

McG.....It has; in fact I was remarking just now to Simcoe, that I have not yet been so impressed by anything so distinctly Californian. Why existence here must be idyllic.

Sim.....It is, Major; but still it is a life of which one tires very quickly, at least that has been my experiance. One can get too much of even poetry, romance and sentiment. All that is very beautiful no doubt, but in time it palls and becomes monotonous.

McG.....One would get tired of Paradise in the same way, I imagine, Simcoe. I am afraid that the great trouble with you is that you have no enthusiasm for this sort of thing. To properly appreciate California, one must feel, not experiance.

Ed.....And you are right, Major. I have found it so and to me it appears as if I were in fairyland here, everything is so beautiful.

Van.....I fear Simcoe, that you judge too hastily and sentence too severely. This is undoubtedly a most extraordinary country and is one of which a person never tires. Under the progressive rule of our own great America, it is destined to become famous and one at which the whole world will wonder. There is no limit to the possibilities it contains as it is especially blessed of God, and is one my friends, which will be very great. As for its people—? (enter Inez L. 2. E.)

Inez.....(interrupting) It is unnecessary to speak of them Senor; they do not deserve the kindness with which you would treat them.

Van.....(in surprise) The Senorita? Senorita, allow me to present Miss Blackson; the gentlemen you know already.

Ed.....Senorita, I am delighted to meet you. I was afraid that I would not have that pleasure, as I was told that you were ill. I am glad to know that it was not serious.

Inez.....Thank you, Miss Blackson, believe me, I am very grateful for your kindness. I suppose that my father has been frightening you on my account. He always magnifies any trifling indisposition I may have, into positive illness. And you, Major, do you still admire our California as greatly as ever.

McG.....More than ever Senorita, since I have become more familiar with its history and its many beauties. I seem to hardly think of anything else.

Sim.....I assure you Senorita, that he never talks of anything else. He positively raves over it.

Inez.....Senor Van Raer, will you kindly attend the gentlemen into the house; further hospitality there awaits them. The Senorita Blackson, will excuse you, I am sure.

Van.....With pleasure, gentlemen, this way, if you please.

(exeunt Van, McG, and Sim. into house L. C.)

Inez.....Won't you be seated Senorita, and have you had some refreshment? Some fruit or wine?

Ed..... [Seating herself] No thank you Senorita, I would rather remain here in your beautiful garden, amidst these lovely flowers and talk with you if you will let me, I seem to know you as an old friend, as both my father and Mr. Van Raer have told me so often of you.

Inez.....Did they? It is quite warm to-day and perhaps it is nicer out of doors.

Ed.....Oh, yes indeed it is,

Inez.... Have you been in California very long?

Ed.....For some years, in fact, before the first discovery of gold. You see my father brought me here, with my mother who died.

Inez.....Then, like myself, you have never known a mother's love?

Ed.....No, never, and it hurts papa so to speak of her that I feel as if I never knew her. But were you very young when your mother was taken from you?

Inez.....Merely an infant.

Ed.....How very strange it seems and yet how sad.

Inez.....Sad indeed, Senorita; for I could have loved a mother dearly. But then I should not complain, I have had my father and dear old Padre Salcedo to comfort me and so I suppose I should be contented.

Ed.....Contented? It seems to me that I could be very happy in this beautiful country.

Inez.... It is very beautiful Senorita and I do love it sincerely You cannot know how much.

Ed ..... [rising] Oh yes, I do. Mr. Van Raer also loves it and we intend to make our home here. He has told you perhaps— — or you know— that— we — are to be married?

Inez.....(slowly)No, he has not told me but yet I know that you are to be his wife. Do you love him very much?

Ed.....Do I love John? (impulsively) Oh, with all my heart if he did not love me I think I should die.

Inez..... Tell me, your American customs are so different from ours; you will forgive me asking you, but have you known him long?

Ed.....Oh, yes for several years, ever since he came to San-Francisco, You see his people knew my people in the Eastern States and when he arrived here, he came to my father as to an old friend.

Inez.....[slowly] And has he told you that he loved you?

Ed..... (naively) How else would I marry him?

Inez .....Does a young lady select her own husband in America, then?

Ed..... [doubtingly] Well not exactly; she only tries to. But is it not the same with your people as with mine?

Inez.....Oh no, with us it is the father of the young lady who selects the husband.

Ed, ...How strange! But suppose you do not love the man your father selects?

Inez.....Oh. love does not enter into it at all, except by accident. Of course, there are exceptions, where, for instance, the father allows his daughter to choose for herself. But this is very rarely done, as the father is presumably the wisest judge of the man's qualifications. We are dutiful children Senorita, and we always obey our parents.

Ed. .....How very unsatisfactory, though I suppose the system has its advantages also. One need not obey the husband, one's parents have selected. But tell me, Senorita, have you never thought of getting married?

Inez..... (sadly) Oh, yes.

Ed. ... . And have you met any one you could love?

Inez.....(slowly and painfully) Yes.

Ed. ..... And are you going to marry him?

Inez.....No.

Ed, ...(wonderingly) No? And yet you love him?

Inez.....Yes.

Ed.....And does he love you?

Inez.....(passionately) I think he does.

Ed. .....Does he know that you love him?

Inez.....He does.

Ed.....Forgive me, but I do not understand? Has your father—does the Don object?

Inez.....(passionately) My father knows nothing of it and I pray God that he may never know.

Ed. ..... Why, how strange!

Inez.....Oh Senorita,, Miss Blackson, do not question me further I cannot answer you.

Ed. .....Still—?

Inez.....[interrupting passionately] You will never understand what it is that I suffer and must continue to suffer. Forgive me but do not press me further. I cannot tell you any more and I regret that I have already said so much. I am glad that you are beloved and I feel that you will be very happy. The Senor Van Raer is a good man and some day will be a great one.

Ed· ..... Oh. Senorita, I am so sorry if I have hurt you and you must forgive me, but I wish you would let me do something to help you or console you. Perhaps John might be able—?

Inez .....Miss Blackson, you must never repeat a word of this conversation to him. Least of any man in the world can he assist me and I beg of you, never to speak of this to him. Promise me that you will not?

Ed. . . . . (doubtingly) Certainly I will promise since you so desire it, still I can hardly understand. Why John is the best of men and I am sure that if he knew that you were in distress he would only be too eager to help you.

Inez . . . Again I beg of you not to mention this matter to him. We are already sufficiently indebted to the Senor Van Raer without troubling him further. And besides you have already attached too much importance to my confidences; I am not really as unhappy as perhaps you imagine. You do not understand our ways that is all.

Ed. . . . . (warmly) I can always understand when a person is suffering and you seem to be in pain, therefore I beg of you to allow me to try and relieve your distress.

Inez. . . . . Senorita, believe me, I am grateful to you for your kindness to me but you can do nothing to aid or comfort me. The only person who can assist me is——? (enter Van Raer hurriedly L. 2. E. Inez changes her tone.) The Senor Van Raer? (aside to Edith.) Remember, not a word. (to Van.) Have you returned so quickly to take from me, my new friend?

Van . . . . . You are friends, then?

Inez . . . . . Friends indeed!

Van . . . . . The Judge is about to return to Monterey, Senorita. (enter Black., McG., and Sim. L. 2. E.)

Black. . . . . Well, Edith, if you have concluded your visit, we must take our departure, as we return to San Francisco at once.

Ed. . . . . I am quite ready, father. Good-bye Senorita, and thank you so much for your kindness; do not forget me.

Inez. . . . . Adios, and God bless you; may you be very happy. I will not bid you "Good-bye" gentlemen, as I hope to see you often. You know, my father is always glad to welcome you.

McG.....Many thanks Senorita, but I fear that we shall not long remain in Monterey, as we are even now awaiting orders to remove the post to San Francisco.

Inez.....Indeed? I had not heard of it, it comes as a great surprise to me, and we shall be sorry to lose you. At all events, do not forget us while yet you remain in Monterey. Buenas dias, Senors.
(all exeunt except Inez R. 2. E.)

Ed.....[returning hastily R. 2. E.] Oh, Senorita, I could not leave you without telling you again how much I admire and esteem you. I have never yet met any one whom I could love as I would you, if you would let me. Do not forget me and remember that if I can help you in any way——?

Inez.....[interrupting] Miss Blackson, I am very grateful to you and I will never forget you, be assured of that.

Ed.....Senorita, just as John returned you were about to tell me of someone who could assist you, won't you tell me now?

Black.....[without,] Edith?

Inez.....I was not about to mention the name of any one.

Ed.....Forgive me, but you said, "the only person who can assist me is——?

Inez.....[solemnly] God!

Ed.....Oh, I beg your pardon, but believe me, I am only persistent through my sympathy for you. It seems that I am so happy myself that I would like everyone to share my joy. But there, I really must be going,

Black.....(without) Edith, we are waiting for you!

Inez.....(taking Edith's hand) You have a good heart, Senorita and God will bless you.

Ed.....Yes father, I am coming. (to Inez.) Good-bye Senorita—no, Inez, good-bye.
(exit R. 2. E.)

Inez..... (much agitated.) And she is to be his wife. His wife? My God! am I to be thus abandoned? What is to become of me? What am I to do? But yesterday, a child, innocent and pure; to-day, a woman, ruined and wise in the ways of vice. Oh, what sorrow is mine; what humiliation and disgrace must come to me! Oh, God! thou who art good and merciful, look kindly upon your suffering child, I beseech thee, and guide me out of the darkness and misery which surrounds me, and which, without Your aid and assistance, threatens to destroy me. (falls, sobbing on settee, Music.)
(enter Van Raer, R. 2. E.)

Van..... Inez? And in tears?

Inez..... [collecting herself.] You?

Van..... [quietly,] Yes, Inez,

Inez..... (passionately.) Why have you returned? Why do you so soon leave the woman who is to be your wife, to come to me whom you have treated so shamefully?

Van..... [in great surprise,] You know all, then?

Inez..... (scornfully.) Yes.

Van..... (anxiously) I would have spared you if I could. This has all been so sudden, I did not expect Edith to come here. She has told you?

Inez..... No.

Van..... You have guessed it then?

Inez..... There was no need, I heard you proclaim the engagement yourself.

Van..... Where?

Inez..... In Monterey.

Van..... In Monterey! When?

Inez..... Yesterday. I happened to overhear though unwillingly, your conversation, with her father.

Van.....You were there and I did not see you?

Inez.....Yes.

Van.....Why did you not disclose yourself?

Inez.....What does it matter? The fact remains, that you are to be married and that I am not to be your wife.

Van.....(startled and confused.) My wife? You?

Inez .....(proudly.) Why not?

Van..... Why, what do you mean? Surely, you are ill! I do not understand you.

Inez.....[painfully] The time has come when you must understand me,

Van ..... [wildly] Why, Inez, explain yourself?

Inez.....(bursting into tears and with great emotion,) Great Heavens! can't you understand me? After all that has occurred, why must you make it so hard for me to tell?

Van .....(in great excitement as he realizes the situation.) Good God! Inez, you don't mean——?

Inez.....(partially overcome.) Yes.

Van.....(crushed and stricken, sinking into settee.) My God, my God!

(Padre and Don enter room in house overlooking garden. They take seats on opposite sides of the table faceing the garden. Don pours out glass of wine and offers it to Padre, who refuses it mutely. Don then places glass by his side and sips it occasionally and proceeds to make and light a cigarette. They converse without noticing Van and Inez in the garden, though gradually their attention is aroused and the Don becomes greatly excited. Business of Padre endeavoring to restrain him until towards cue, Don finally tears himself free.)

(After a pause– Inez noticing Van's apparent collapse approaches him and places her hand gently on his shoulder.)

Inez. . . (sadly) Do you love her so very much then?

Van. . . . . (bewildered) Love her? Who?

Inez. . . . .(painfully) Edith Blackson.

Van . . . . .Great Heavens, no; a thousand times, no. It is you that I love and that I will always love.

Inez. . . . . What do you say?

Van . . .(continuing passionately) From the very first moment that I beheld you, I have had no other thought than of you. You have been to me, more than life itself; the one thing that I have held most sacred.

Inez. . . . . [surprised] I?

Van . . . . . (unheedingly) From you I have drawn the only good impulses I have ever had; and yet you ask me if I love her? No, no, I never have and never will love any one but you in this world.

Inez. . . . . [surprised] Then why is it that you are engaged to this woman? Why is it that you are going to marry her?

Van . . . . . Inez?

Inez. . . . . You say you love me, and yet you are bound to her? Why is this so?

Van . . . . . (despairingly.) How can I answer you; how tell you that I must marry another, notwithstanding my love for you?

Inez. . . . . (scornfully) How, indeed?

Van . . . . . (painfully) Great Heavens! Inez, what can I say to you, to prove that I am not as wicked as my course must seem to you, I have never loved you so well as now, when I must leave you.

Inez.....(indignantly) What terrible thing is this you tell me? Why is it that loving me, you place your heart elsewhere? Why must you sacrifice me, who has trusted, you so implicitly?

Van ....(pleadingly) Inez, you must listen to me; will you?

Inez.....(disdainfully) For what reason?

Van.....Inez, I want you to summon all your courage dear, for I am going to tell you—I want to say to you—that you must have known that—that—that, Inez, I can never be your husband.

Inez .....(apprehensively) What is this you are about to say? Oh, God! sustain and comfort me for I know that I shall need your aid. Something tells me that all is over and that I am condemned. (in agony) Oh, that I were dead and away from the misery of this moment!

Vau..... Inez, sit here, (points to settee) in this, your own beautiful garden; wherein the flowers are not sweeter than yourself, and listen to me. (tenderly) Do not look at me dear, for I need all my strength to tell you that I cannot do that, which my heart impels me to do. I could not be so base, whilst looking into those beautiful eyes, from whose bright depths I see reflected, the image of your own pure soul.

Inez .....(sinking into settee almost overcome) Oh, my God! my heart is breaking,

Van .... Forgive me dear, if you can, for giving you so much pain, but an inexorable destiny so arranged my life that before beholding you, that I should become bound to another.

Inez.....Rather say, "your ambition."

Van.....You know my family history for I myself have related it to you. You are aware that all my efforts have been governed by the one absorbing object to attain position and prominence. Not so much for myself have

I labored, but that through me my name and the ancient power and influence of my family might be redeemed. You know how I have toiled and striven to achieve a place that, would be as exalted and honorable as any in the land.

Inez .....(rising wildly) Do not speak to me of honor; whilst contemplating my disgrace. Do not dare to think of restoring your own name to a position of dignity and respect, whilst meditating the ruin and destruction of mine! For God's sake if you are a man, and harbor for one instant, an intention, so monstrous, so horrible and cruel, as my abandonment; do not attempt to justify yourself to me.

Van .... Listen to me I implore you. (Inez sinks to settee) I am not trying to justify myself to you; I am not even defending myself—I am simply trying to prove to you that—(despairingly)—that—Inez, don't look at me like that. (humbly.) Slowly withering as I am beneath the weight of your, I know not how to tell you of the thing which is killing me. Severe as your condemnation will be, harsh as your judgment must be, I must say on, that at least you will know that you will not suffer alone. Great as will be your sorrow and regret, it can never equal the extent of the misery that I endure.

Inez.....Of what use will it be to me to know that you will also suffer? Of what possible use are all these protestations and avowals which lead to nothing and which if they do mean anything. only serves to increase the bitterness of my despair. Come, let us end this discussion that is so painful to you. Since you are incapable of a single thought beyond your own distress, do not prolong this further.

Van.....(pleadingly.) At least, hear me; it may perhaps be for the last time.

Inez .....What is it?

Van..... When first I came to Monterey, I had no other thought but of my ambition. Previously, I had taken an oath by the bedside of my dying father, to restore the fortunes of our house. In order to do this, I had strained every nerve, worked and toiled until I was nearly worn out bodily, with the tremendous exertions I found necessary. Having met with some success, I next aspired to greater heights,

Inez.....Of what use is all this?

Van... .(not heeding her,) Feeling assured that the time had come when, by a judicious marriage, I could further progress; I became engaged to Miss Edith Blackson: daughter of the most prominent and highly respected jurist in California. An alliance such as this offered to me advantages which could not be secured in any other way,

Inez.....(warmly) But you say you do not love her?

Van .....I know this must seem strange to you, but I am not attempting any justification; so I will not reply to that. Coming here with no other thought but of my work, with every prospect of a successful future; with a past that contained not a single blemish and with a conscience as free from guilt; I set myself to my appointed task with my whole heart.

Inez.....You forget that you contemplated marriage with one whom you did not love?

Van.....I did not love her that is true; but I had every reason to suppose that she would be as happy without that. I never told her that I loved her, but that I would give her the whole heart of a man who had never loved anyone else, and whose only affection had been his ambition. I never deceived her in any way, and she,

was content, Well after my arrival here I beheld you and for the first time in my life, I knew what it was to love.

Inez .....(intensely) And I also.

Van .....Then it was that I learned that there was something else in the world to live for beside my ambition. I saw you! We seemed to be attracted to each other at once. Then it was that I enjoyed the first rapturous sensation of an ideal love. God! How I loved you and how I suffered.

Inez.....(as before.) And I too.

Van .... (passionately) To be near you, to hear you speak, to look into your eyes; ah, it was elysium! And then when first I knew that you loved me in return, it was heaven! What a paradise was this, and what a goddess was my love! Insensibly, unconsciously, I allowed myself to be borne along in that delightful existence careless of the consequences, only intent upon the present enjoyment. Insensate fool! that I was to so delude myself. Good Heavens! Inez, you will never know how much I love you. You can never know what you are to me. And now, knowing all this feeling as I do, that you are the one woman whom I will ever love, I must leave you. (wildly and passionately.) Merciful God! Inez. I cannot do it; (clasps her in his arms and embraces her furiously.) I love you! I love you! I love you!

Inez .....Oh, my heart is breaking.

(a pause. Finally Van releases her and draws back with great resolution.)

Van.....But no, it can never be. I am pledged to another and I must not break my word. Inez, hate me if you will; curse me if you must; I shall deserve it all. I am a scoundrel and a villain; for I can never be aught to you.

(Don becomes greatly excited and Padre endeavors to restrain him.)

Inez .....(in great wrath and excitement.) And is this to be your final word? Am I then to expect nothing at your hands, but degradation and disgrace? Oh, God! must I then suffer alone? John Van Raer, your sin will cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance; and God will punish you! He cannot permit you to leave me in misery and distress, without visiting upon you the wrath of His awful judgement. (pitifully.) Oh, is there no mercy in your heart for me? Can you not see that you are killing me; slowly, cruelly, horribly? I, who was once so pure and innocent; a thing apart from everything that was not good and holy; and now to be so base and wicked that even you must pity me (with dignity and feeling) Remember such mercy as you have shown me, you will yourself recieve. As you have treated me, so you, will yourself be jndged. False to me, you will be unworthy and untrue to her, Leave me now and forever, I never want to see your face again. You have injured me beyond all reparation, and I can no longer endure your hateful presence. Go!

(Don who has gradually emerged from house through opened windows now escapes from Padre and rushs at Van Raer as if to strike him.)

Don.....Not until I have punished you for this terrible crime! (Padre grasps his arm and restrains him)

Padre....Not you Senor, but God must punish him!

Inez.....(sinking, sobbing to her knees) My father?

Don.....(turning to Inez very greatly excited but struggling to control himself,) Yes, your father, my daughter, and one who will always be a father to you, my child. I have heard the whole of this dreadful story and I am appalled at the wickedness of this man. (pleadingly)

Oh, sir, how could you so defile my innocent child? (fiercely) It is monstrous! it is iniquitous! it is damnable.

Padre.... (interrupting) Restrain yourself Senor, I beg of you.

Don..... (to Padre.) Have no fear, I will be calm. (to Van Raer.) As for you Senor, you have entered this house only to bring disgrace and shame to its brightest, ray its only ornament. You have destroyed and degraded a pure aud innocent soul, whose only fault has been that she loved you. For that love she is punished. Never from the time her sainted mother left her to my keeping, has she known an unhappy or bitter moment and for the first in her life, I, her father, behold her in distress, and cannot aid her. Look Senor, look upon your work; (points to Inez who is still on her knees) see the havoc that you have wrought, and then beware for as there is a just God above us, you will have to answer for your cowardly, dastardly crime! (with great vigor.) Dog of a "Gringo", may you ever be accursed; may you never know a moment's peace or happiness in this world; and when you reach your end, may the spectacle of the misery that you have here produced, be present to annihilate and crush you! (a pause. Don turns to Inez in a calmer tone) Tears! my daughter, and for what? Why should you weep? Look up! See, your father loves you and would not have you suffer. You have done no wrong. He is not worth the cost of a single tear from your pure heart. To me you are still my Inez, my beloved child, and what this man has done, cannot estrange us. Come, be brave; for you are still my daughter, to be loved and honored and protected. (Don raises Inez and clasping her to his breast, faces Van Raer proudly.) See John Van Raer, she will yet be happy, for secure in her father's heart, she will be content. As for you who have so wronged me, go in

peace and never return to El Mario. Leave this house which you have dishonored but not destroyed!

(As Van, who has remained quiet with bowed head, turns and slowly walks R., Don presses Inez to his heart whilst Padre stands as in prayer.)

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.


SAN GABRIEL
FOUNDED 1771
SANTA BARBARA
FOUNDED 1786
SAN FERNANDO
FOUNDED 1797

ACT III.

RANCHO EL MARIO.

AN INTERVAL OF TWENTY YEARS.

SCENE . . . .Same as Act II., though some slight diffierences are noted in the arrangement of the scene, such as a different disposition of the chairs, settees, etc. Padre discovered with Felipe as curtain rises.

Padre. . . . .(seated.) How bright and cheerful is the day Felipe, all nature seems to rejoice with us.

Fel. . . . . Si Padre, it seems so. El Mario has not enjoyed such happiness for a great many years. How delighted the Senora will be to see Andreo again after his long absence in Mexico.

Padre. . . . .Proud indeed Felipe, for her dearest wish has been realized. From the day of his birth, the Senora has prayed constantly that Andreo might devote himself to religion.

Fel. . . . . Still the Senora has suffered terribly during his long novitiate at the College of San Fernando.

Padre. . . . .What more natural, she is his mother and the separation has been most trying. Still deeply as the Senora Mazalveda has suffered, it was necessary; and she will be amply rewarded by seeing him so happily devoted to God.

Fel. .....Could it have been right Padre, to have allowed that man to go so long unpunished.

Padre.... (solemnly) He has been punished, and that terribly. Notwithstanding all his successes he is not happy.

Fel.....(joyously) God is still good then, since he has not granted this guilty man immunity.

Padre.... Can you doubt it Felipe? Oh no; God has punished this man in a manner that must convince us of his justice. After having sacrificed everything, not even excepting his honor, to gain his wicked ends, he is now condemned to disappointment. The name that he has sinned so deeply to render great and honorable, is now destined to perish miserably with himself.

Fel..... He is without children then?

Padre.... He is. God in His inscrutable wisdom has known where to strike, and the blow has been dreadful. Some two years after the terrible misfortune that occurred here, Mrs. Van Raer, she who had been Miss Blackson, you remember, died, leaving him childless and alone. Since then he has never remarried but has devoted himself to his profession, in which he has attained the greatest distinction,

Fel..... And he has prospered!

Padre.... Very greatly. In the vain hope of securing relief from his gloomy recollections, he has entered into the most arduous undertakings, in all of which he has been successful. Remorse for his dastardly conduct however has continued to follow and embitter his career.

Fel..... And does he know of the existence of Andreo, his son?

Padre.... He does, but is in ignorance of the fact that Andreo bears his mother's name. Hence he has been unable to follow his child's career, and consequently he does

not know how he is regarded by that son whom he would give his life to acknowledge, I have continued to follow his fortunes most carefully Felipe, for though he once injured us, yet I am assured that he is repentant, and that some day he will plead for a mercy which I cannot deny him.

Fel ..... (in surprise) You forgive him?

Padre.... (nobly) And why not? Is it not my duty? Does not every law of God and our religion command it? But aside from that I cannot believe that he was wholly wicked. In spite of appearances I am sure that he loved Inez, and that he has never ceased to suffer on her account. (rising) From my heart I freely forgive and pity him. Weighed down by the enormity of his offense, harassed by the bitter memories of his wickedness and stricken in his most sacred desires, he lives alone, in his somber meditations, a disappointed and broken man.

Fel ..... Well, well Padre, what you say is for the best, and may be right and there is no doubt that he has suffered severely. But yet I can never forgive him for his treatment of her; loyalty forbids me to pardon him.

Padre.... Still we cannot but commiserate this man who deserves so little pity at our hands. The Senora is more fortunate for she has a son on whom to lean, and who will comfort and console her. But, there, there, we must not chatter thus the whole day. The young Andreo will soon be here and we have much to do. Ah Felipe, it will be a proud day for me, when the Padre Mazalveda celebrates his first Mass at San Carlos. (walking towards R. 2. E. both exeunt. Enter Inez from house L. C.)

Inez ..... Oh, what joy is mine, what pleasure I shall have to-day After such an absence I shall see again my Andreo, my boy. How long the time has seemed since he has

been away! How my heart has yearned for him, and now at last he is coming, my only hope my only consolation. (musingly) Oh those dreadful, weary years that have passed so slowly since that awful time! My God, how I have suffered? To be at peace and rest and forever away from the cruel, pitiless world that judges so harshly and punishes so severely. But yet I could not die and leave my father who has been so good, so kind to me. Sustained by his tender love I have lived to atone by my tears for my sin. (longingly) Can there ever be happiness or contentment in this world for me? Will the memory of my disgrace never leave me? (pathetically) Ah yes, I will live again in the life of my son, and surely peace will come to me through him. How I long to see him! To press him again to this broken heart that has been so desolate without his love. Oh Andreo, my boy, you who will forever be mine alone, I wait for you.

Don .....(speaking inside of house) Come Padre, let us go into the garden; it is pleasanter there.

Inez.....(drawing aside) My father! (remains concealed at back among the flowers until cue.)

(enter Don and Padre from house, L. C.)

Don..... So to-day Padre, our boy returns, happy in his new duties and proud of his first direction. Well, well, how the time presses onward, leaving us to marvel at its progress. How little we reckon what the future has in store,

Padre.... God's ways are devious Don Luis, but are always well considered.

Don..... (seating himself) How mild and beautiful is the day, how sweet and refreshing is the air, and how pleasant are the flowers! These are the things which make El Mario so dear to me Padre, for they speak to me in a language to which my heart responds. Of all that is left to me, here only am I content.

Padre. . . . .(meaningly) El Mario is indeed beautiful, and I have the greatest sympathy with your affection for it. Life is so pleasant here, it seems as if we must be contented.

Don. . . . . (sadly) And yet it appears that we were too happy, Padre. Here, isolated and alone as we were; cut-off from the rest of the world, with which we did not choose to mingle, we were nevertheless, invaded. (fiercely) The garden of Eden was not further removed from vice than were we, and yet a serpent entered.

Padre. . . . .(quickly) What, Luis, do you still suffer?

Don . . . . .(painfully) Unceasingly!

Padre. . . . .(sympathetically) I had hoped that after so many years, you had endeavored to forget your misfortune. If you would only forgive those who have injured you, surely you would then forget your misery.

Don. . . . . (bitterly) Forgive? You ask me to forgive those who have blighted and embittered my life?

Padre. . . . .Assuredly. It is your duty.

Don. . . . . (rising) My duty! My duty! (wildly) And what of my outraged and abandoned child, who for over twenty years has borne alone, the punishment for a crime of which, she was the innocent victim? What of my honor, the honor of my race, that was intrusted to me by generations of the best and truest blood in Castile?

Padre. . . . .Still it is your duty.

Don . . . . . What of my name, that having endured untarnished for centuries, must perish ignobly with me, who would have died to render it stainless. There is no sacrifice too great, no suffering too severe, that I would not gladly welcome, to retain and perpetuate my name, as spotless and unsullied as I received it. And yet you

tell me it is my duty to forgive the only man who has ever cast a stigma upon the house of Mazalveda. No, no, Padre, what you ask is impossible.

Padre.....It is not impossible, and I earnestly pray that some day you will relent.

Don .....(disdainfully) Relent? How mean and paltry such a sentiment is when compared to the intensity of my humiliation? Padre, you certainly do not understand my sufferings, since you speak to me of relenting. It is not within my power to forgive him,

Padre.....(warmly) But if you would only endeavor to master and control those——?

Don .....(interrupting fiercely) Padre, I have no control over those feelings of resentment and injury that surge against my heart. Cannot you, who know me so well estimate the extent to which I have been outraged? Can't you grasp from amidst the wreck of my life and hopes, the one bitter truth that pardon is beyond my strength? (gradually becoming aroused to a frenzy.) How can I condone an offense that has included in its victims—my race, my honor and my life? How am I to redeem and brighten the blasted, wasted, life of my child? (growing more furious and excited.) No, no, Padre, that man has injured me so deeply that I can never forgive him. He has sinned so grievously that even Heaven will not show him mercy; and to my latest breath, I will ever curse and——!

(Inez approachs quickly and throws herself on her knees before the Don, mutely imploring him to desist. Don stops suddenly then continues in a tone of anguish.)

Don.....Inez, my child!

Inez .....Father, father, spare me the memory of my shame!

Don.....(endeavoring to raise her.) Oh, my Inez, can you

ever forgive me? To have remained silent so long and now to have allowed my passion to betray itself. Pardon me Inez, for having distressed you so terribly. (to Padre.) Console her Padre, for the suffering my violence has caused.

Inez .....(wildly) Rather tell him Padre, for I cannot, that he must not condemn and censure him who is the father of Andreo. Oh Padre, to you I have always had recourse when in distress, aid me now I entreat you. Tell him that he must not curse the father of my child.

Padre.....(pleadingly) Look Don Luis, look, upon the anguish which your child endures. See how the wound, scarce healed by time, bleeds again at the memories you have evoked. See in what grief and affliction, your child supplicates and do not hesitate. Do not deny her the comfort which she demands. Be generous Senor, it is your duty, and your conscience and love demands it.

Don .....(after a struggle, raises Inez to his breast tenderly.) Inez, my child, still my daughter, I cannot see you suffer. For your sake querida, I will forgive this guilty man and shall hold no animosity against him. You have conquered, my daughter, and never more will I imprecate or denounce him. Henceforth he will be as nothing to me and you and I and Andreo will live in peace and in contentment. No longer will the shadow of his misdeeds come between to darken or diminish our happiness.

Inez .....(much affected) Oh, my father, how noble and good you have been to me.

Padre.....(solemnly) God be praised Senor; you have acted wisely.

Don .....(lightly) But prepare yourself my child, our good Felipe approachs and if I mistake not, has great news for you.

(enter Felipe, R. 1. E.)

Fel. .... Don Luis and you Senora, the young Senor, Padre Mazalveda, is coming.
(retires up stage until cue.)

Inez .... (joyously) At last, at last. Oh Andreo, my son, where are you?
(enter Andreo R. 1. E.)

And .... Here mother. (embraces Inez who kisses him on the forehead only.)

Inez..... Oh Andreo, my boy.

And.....(soothingly) Be tranquil mother dear, I will never leave you again. El Mario is to be my home for I am to assist our good Padre Salcedo at San Carlos. The Director especially solicited the appointment for me.

Inez.....Oh, I am so glad. I have so longed to see you Andreo.

And.....There, there, mother dear, all that is passed now, since I am returned. Let us forget the past and think only of the future. Ah, Don Luis, you have not changed.

Don.....No Andreo, you see I am still young.

And.....And you Padre, my second father. you too are well?

Padre.....Thanks be to God, my son.

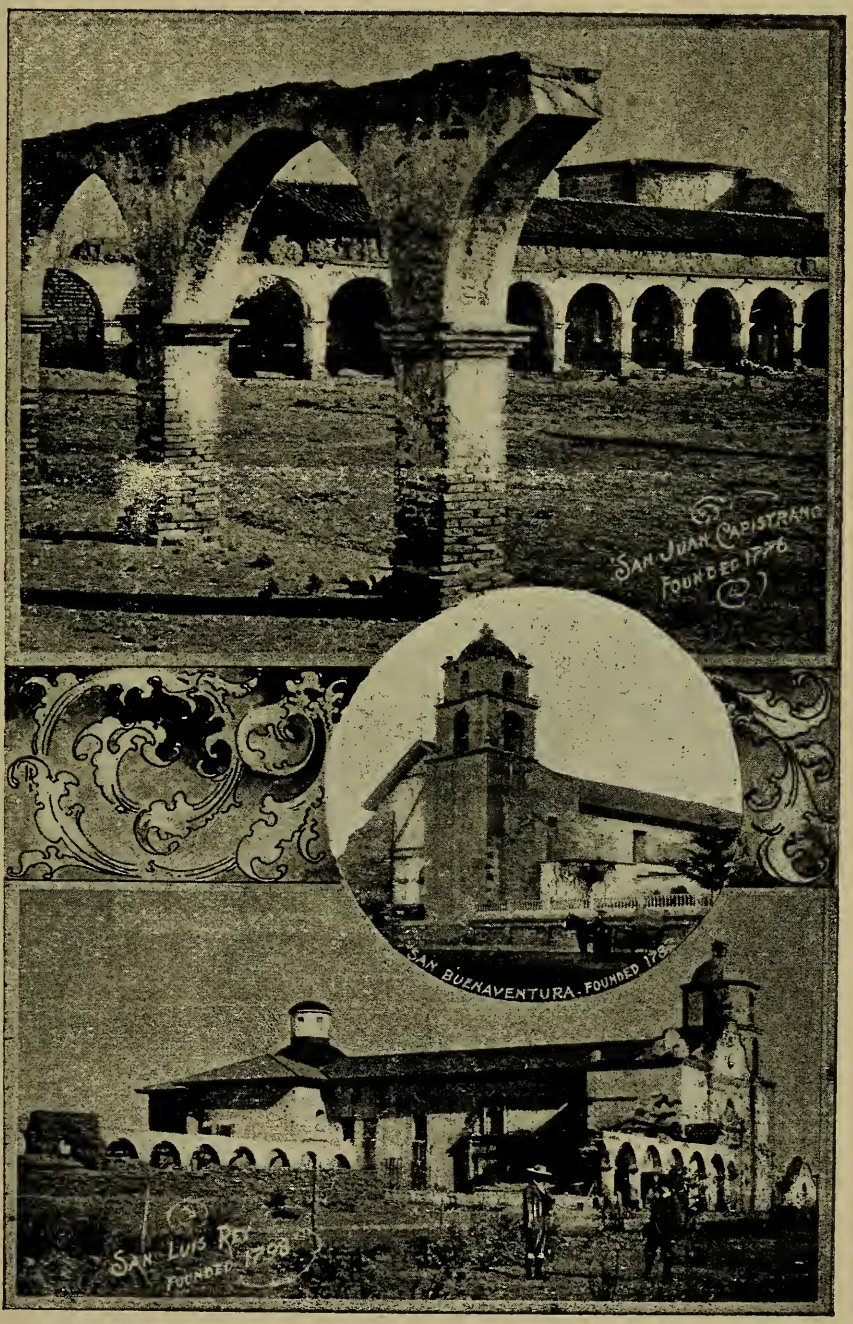
Inez.....But you Andreo, have changed so much?

And.....Have I mother?

Don.....And have you no word for Felipe?
(Felipe comes forward.)

And.....Oh, Felipe was the first to meet me. We have already greeted each other.

Fel.....That reminds me, Don Luis, all our people have assembled in honor of Andreo's return. What am I to tell them?


SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO
FOUNDED 1776
SAN BUENAVENTURA. FOUNDED 178
SAN LUIS REY
FOUNDED 1798

Don.....Tell them to rejoice and make merry Felipe. To-day everyone must be happy; proclaim it a holiday and spare not the food and wine that all may be suitably entertained. (exit Felipe R. I. E.) I will go myself to thank them. Come Padre, let us go too. Let us leave these children to themselves.
(exeunt Don and Padre, R. 1. E.)

And.....Ah, the dear old Don, how I love and revere him!

Inez .....And it is well that you do my son, for he is a noble man.

And.....And now mother dear, tell me, all has been well with you?

Inez.....Of course I have missed you greatly and my heart has often ached to see you, but the Padre always comforted me, and it was for the best, so I should not complain. But now all that is passed and El Mario will be dearer to me than ever, now that you are here. But tell me—since you have been ordained—I suppose, I must call you "Father", and not "Andreo".
(Andreo puts arm around her waist as they are walking towards L.)

And .....Never madre mio. Call me what your heart dictates, for I will always be your boy, your Andreo.
(both exeunt, L. 2. E. Music which continues softly to end of act. Enter Van Raer, R. 2. E.)

Van .....(after looking around inquringly.) How natural it all seems, and how beautiful! The same calm, serene and peaceful atmosphere still pervades the place as when last I saw it. The house, the garden, everything is the same, it is only I, who have changed. Oh, to think of all that might have been. If I could but recall the past and be again my old self, free from this terrible agony which I endure. Ah, these are but vain regrets which bring me nothing but misery and distress. Could I but banish from my mind the

memory of her suffering, I would then be content (looking around longingly.) El Mario! How sweet the name sounds——and Inez! How the mention of her beloved name thrills through every fibre of my being and soothes and comforts me. Inez!
(enter Padre R. 2. E.)

Padre. . . . (in surprise.) Senor Van Raer?

Van . . . . (quietly) Yes Padre, it is I.

Padre. . . (severely) And what seek you here?

Van . . . . . (warmly) My honor, that, which I discarded a century ago.

Padre. . . . (kindly) Has it seemed so long to you? It is only twenty years.

Van . . . . . (vehemently) To me Padre, it has been an eternity during which I have never known a moments peace.

Padre. . . . What do you hope for here?

Van . . . . . (wearily) Pardon Padre, pardon, for my sin.

Padre. . . . (severely) Your own conscience tells you that you have that. You must know that we have forgiven you. That is not, cannot be your motive for intruding here. What further object have you?

Van . . . . . (earnestly) To see her.

Padre. . . . (surprised) Inez?

Van . . . . . (desperately) Yes, Inez! (pleadingly) Ah, do not deny me. I have come so far and have hoped for so much from her.

Padre. . . . Why do you wish to force yourself upon her? Why seek to reopen the old wound as your presence here is certain to do? Why would you be so cruel to her?

Van. . . . I cruel to her? No, no, it cannot be. I do not wish to cause her pain; I could not further mean to injure her. I only wish to pour out at her feet, the misery and remorse with which my heart is burdened. Only

to tell her that this silence is killing me; only to assure her, that I have not profited by my perfidy.

Padre.... (severely) And what can this avail you? To her it can only bring pain and suffering; whilst to you, it can only mean additional humiliation.

Van..... Padre, I do not wish to distress her and I care nothing for my own sufferings; but I must tell her of my utter hopeless misery, that she may pity me. Oh Padre, you who are good and wise; look into my heart, and if you see therein aught that is of evil, banish me from this place; but if you see there the anguish, the intolerable longing and distress which agitates it, grant me then in mercy, the request which I solicit.

Padre.... (solemnly) My son, it is not for me to judge men's motives, it is God, who must do that. If you come here with naught but good intentions, then all is well; but if your motives be not honest, withdraw I beg of you before it is too late.

Van..... Can you doubt my sincerity? Can you possibly behold my sufferings and then believe me unworthy of your confidence? Does not the spectacle of my great despair plead to you more eloquently than any words of mine?

Padre.... It is well my son, and now listen to me. I cannot undertake to aid you in your design but I will not prevent you making the attempt. As for yourself, you have earned my pity and my pardon. Adios Senor, may God forgive you as I do.
(exit Padre into house L. C.)

Van..... (musingly) How good and noble he is? Oh that I were worthy to stand beside such a man! But who comes here?
(enter Inez backwards L. 2. E., calling.)

Inez .... Come to me soon Andreo, I will wait for you here.
(faces Van Raer.)

Van ..... { together in surprise. } Inez?
Inez ..... { } John?

(a pause.)

Inez.....(passionately) My God! What has brought you here to renew my sufferings, when I was about to forget them?

Van.....(softly) Forgive me Inez, if I distress you, but I felt that I must see you again.

Inez.....(greatly agitated) For what purpose? After what has occurred between us, what possible motive induced you to come here again?

Van .... (slowly and softly) Inez, pity me.

Inez.....(bitterly) Pity you—and for what? For having inflicted on me a mortal injury?

Van.....No Inez, but for loving you yet.

Inez .....Have you returned only to insult me?

(Padre and Don enter room in house as in preceding act and taking seats on opposite sides of the table repeat business as before.)

Van.....(warmly) God forbid! I have returned because I could not longer endure my misery. I have come to tell you—to beg of you to forgive me. Nothing that you could say would serve in any way to increase my bitter and deserved abasement. I can no longer bear this burden of sorrow and remorse and so I turn to you as to an angel, to pity and relieve me.

Inez.....(vigorously) In all this you speak as always of your own sufferings and nothing of mine. How have I lived for all these years beneath the anguish of my own folly and God's displeasure? What of my misery and degradation? What of the terrible agony which I have

endured since first I drank of the bitter cup that has so poisoned and destroyed my life? What of the idle, useless tears that I have shed, which have never relieved me and which in falling have seemed to sear and burn into my flesh like rivers of scorching fire, that were to brand me with my dishonor? You say you have suffered, then I tell you that I too have suffered but with a fiercer torture than any you could know. Oh, my life has been a torment to me and it is you who have made it so.

Van.....(softly) At least if you have suffered Inez, your anguish was moderated and assuaged by the kindness and consideration of those who loved you. (plaintively) You were not compelled as I was, to live a double life; to conceal your anguish as I have had to conceal mine. Your grief and despair had no further sting of hypocrisy and deceit to increase it. Oh Inez, if you knew what my life has been, you would pity and forgive me.

Inez.....Understand me well. My religion and my own better self inexorably commands me to forgive you and I do, most sincerely.

Van.....I thank you for that at least.

Inez.....But when you suggest that I should pity you, when you make pretense of still loving me, when you endeavor by reciting the intensity of your own distress, to obtain my sympathy and consideration for you, then you fail.

Van .....Can you believe that I am not sincere?

Inez..... When I think of my wasted and ruined life, of my adored father whose torment and disgrace I have been; when I think of my beloved son, who through me is dishonored—then I almost fear for my reason, for then—I wonder that you still live!

Van. . . . . (earnestly) And what of your son? What have you told him?

Inez. . . . . (vigorously) The truth!

Van. . . . . (wildly) And he—?

Inez. . . . . (triumphantly) —has absolved me!

(a pause.)

Van . . . . . And has he never asked for his father? Does he know who I am?

Inez . . . . (calmly) I have told him everything, save only your name. That I have withheld from him, because I feared that his great love for me would prompt him to avenge his mother's honor.

Van . . . . . (passionately) Oh Inez, now it is that I comprehend what a fatal error mine has been. Great God! How near I was to happiness and yet turned from it! By what inexplicable misfortune was I so actuated.

Inez . . . . . Ask your conscience; that will tell you.

Van . . . . . My God, Inez, listen to the last desparing appeal of a hopeless man and if you have any mercy in your heart, pity me.

Inez. . . . . What you ask is impossible.

Van . . . . . See Inez, it is I who plead to you as twenty years ago you supplicated me, only for the sake of all you hold dear, do not answer me as I once answered you.

Inez. . . . . When I shall forget your answer, I will forgive your cruelty.

Van. . . . . (pleadingly) Oh Inez, do not drive me back to that cruel, mocking place where men look up to me as to something that is good and honorable. They do not know that he whom they chastize with their praise is not worthy of even their contempt. Oh Inez, this cannot long continue. Some day I must cry out to be shunned and avoided, as the leper of old cried out "unclean, unclean!" I cannot live this dual life of

public integrity and private dishonesty. Oh Inez, save me from myself, for I am sinking beneath the weight of my accumulated anguish and remorse.

(as Van stands trembling and overcome, Don and Padre enter from house, as in preceding act.)

Padre.....See Don Luis, here is a criminal who supplicates for release; a sinner who beseeches mercy from those he has wronged. Oh, Thou great and inscrutable Providence, how wonderful is Thy intelligence! (to Don) Speak to him Senor, and assure him of his pardon.

Don.....(slowly and with feeling.) John Van Raer, years ago you entered this abode only to bring sorrow and disgrace to it. Why have you returned? Your presence here evokes only the most painful memories and occasions the greatest distress to one whom it is my duty to shield and protect. From what I have heard, I know that your conscience has awakened, since you are suffering. In the name of mercy I forbear to add to your misery and therefore I shall not further inflict you. For you there can never be a place here; you are not wanted. Into this house you must never again intrude. I forgive you but I forbid you to ever return to El Mario. I pray God, to allow me to recall the imprecation I cast upon you when last I saw you; for now, I no longer wish harm or evil to befall you. May you find elsewhere, the rest and peace you seek. Adios, Senor Van Raer.

(Don bows to Van Raer and turns to Padre, while Inez stands quietly. As Van Raer turns to exit R. Andreo enters L. 2. E. and seeing Van Raer, bows to him as to a stranger, and continues on to Inez, who stands L. C. whilst VanRaer slowly walks R.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

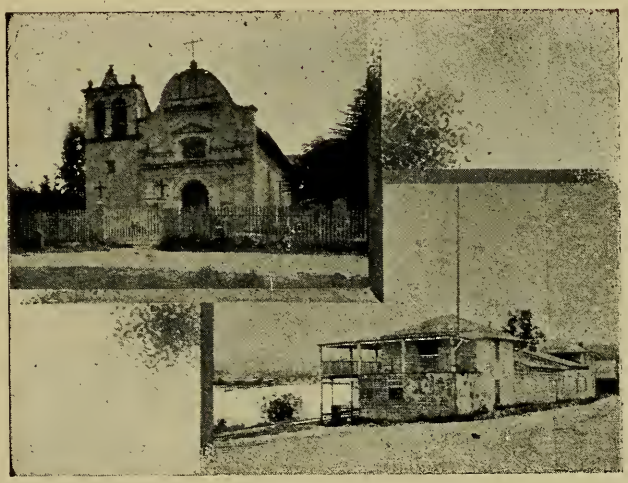
SACRISTY,

SAN CARLOS BORROMEO,

— **MONTEREY.** —

AN INTERVAL OF SIX YEARS.

SCENE.....On R. are double swinging doors leading to church, which is not shown; through which as they are opened to admit of characters entering, the music of an organ and singing of choir, is heard chanting a Mass for the dead. The odor of incense is wafted through and penetrates to audience. On wall at L. is a miniture altar or shrine, on which several candles are burning; a statue, a crucifix and some vases of flowers. In front of altar is a praying stool. On each side of altar at L. are doors. Set back on stage R. out of line with swinging doors, are a table and two chairs. In corner on R. is a large mission cross without figure. In corner at L. are registry desk and chair. At back is a long cabinet or chest of drawers, over which some vestments are carelessly thrown. As act opens, Benito is discovered, holding doors at R. open, listening to music. After a pause he releases them, allowing them to close gently, and proceeds to tidy sacristy. As doors are opened, music rises; fading away as they are closed.



Ben .....How beautiful the music is and how solemn and grand the new organ sounds in the old church? The Senora Mazalveda herself, gave it to San Carlos, and now it is used for the first time at her own funeral Mass. It seems as if she were only sleeping, so peaceful she looks. How sweet and good she was? (sighs) Ah well, it was her wish to die, she did not care to linger here after her father, the Don Luis Mazalveda had died. She was lonely without him and yet—the poor will mourn her greatly. How bravely the young Padre Mazalveda bears his loss and how hard he tries to repress his grief? Well, well, death must come to us all and so we must prepare ourselves.

(enter children, L. 1. D., bearing flowers.)

Ben .....Well children, what do you want here?

1st. Child..We want you to take these flowers to the Senora Mazalveda, who is dead. (points R.) She is in there Benito. We couldn't get in the church, it is so crowded. Won't you put them near her?

Ben .....(taking flowers.) Si, my children; I will take them for you. Beside the others in the church they will look beautiful. Give them to me and tread softly and don't disturb the Mass. (exeunt children softly, L. 1. D.) How sweet these flowers are and how pleased the Padre Andreo will be when he hears whence they come. (exit into church, R.)

(enter Van Raer, L. 1. D., old and decrepid.)

Van .....How unfortunate that I should have come on such a day? Some extraordinary occasion no doubt, for the church was so crowded, I could not gain admittance. I wonder what place this is. It must be the sacristy, I imagine. Well perhaps, it will answer my purpose.

(enter Benito, R. D.)

Ben .....A stranger? What seek you, Senor?

Van . . . . (quietly) A priest.

Ben. . . . . Ah, Senor, that is impossible at present.

Van . . . . . Why so?

Ben. . . . . Because they are all busy to-day.

Van . . . . . Busy?

Ben. . . . . To-day a requiem is being celebrated.

Van. . . . . Can't I see the Director? If you will give my name. to Padre Salcedo——?

Ben . . . . . (interrupting) Padre Salcedo! He is no longer here.

Van . . . . . Not here! Where is he then?

Ben. . . . . He is dead Senor.

Van. . . . . (shocked) Dead—! do you say?

Ben. . . . . The Senor is a stranger not to know that the Padre Salcedo has been dead since three years.

Van . . . . . (much affected) Dead! My old friend dead. Can it be so? Ah, he was a good man, aud I loved him. (to Benito) But never mind, some other priest will answer.

Ben . . . . . Just at present Senor, all the Padre's at San Carlos are engaged on the altar, A mass for the dead is being celebrated and all the priests save one, are busy.

Van . . . . . You say all, save one? Can I not see the priest who is at liberty?

Ben . . . . . It is the mother of that priest who is dead, and he is so greatly overcome by his grief as to be unable to attend to any duties.

Van . . . . . Is he in the church?

Ben . . . . . He is.

Van . . . . . Then go to him aud tell him that he is wanted by one who is in great extremity.

Ben.....Pardon Senor, but I would not disturb him now.

Van.....(pleadingly) I have come a great distance, I am old and failing and I fear that my strength will not long support me. The matter is most pressing and delay may be dangerous, go to him I beg of you.

Ben .....Excuse me Senor, but I would not disturb him now.

Van.....(angrily) Then the blame and censure of Almighty God be on your head for it may then be too late.

Ben.....I am sorry Senor, but if you could wait until afternoon your wish can then be gratified. At present it is impossible, as I would not interrupt the Padre in his affliction.

Van.....Wait, I cannot wait. Go to him at once and tell him that he is wanted by one who is in greater suffering than himself. Tell him that he must leave the dead to attend the dying. It is his duty, and he will hold you blameless. Go I beseech you, I cannot longer delay.

Ben .....Well Senor, I will go since you seem in such great distress.

Van.....(seating himself R.) How these obstacles and difficulties try my strength and weary me? (plaintively) Ah, I have become so weak and ill that I am unable to bear my troubles. I wonder who it is that is dead; some person of great prominence, no doubt. Oh! if I too could only die and forever end this agony and misery that I endure. How I long for rest and peace within the grave. Ah, happy the person whoever it is, who lies there in the church, beyond those doors; whose soul now released from its miserable body, soars upwards to relief. (enter Andreo, R. D. with the marks of a great and recent sorrow plainly

discernible upon his face. He remains, quietly regarding Van Raer, until cue.) How I envy that person for whom life's trials have ended and who has quitted this hateful world, wherein existence has been such a torture to me.

And..... (advancing) You sent for me, Senor?

Van..... (rising) Pardon me Padre, for thus disturbing you in your bereavement, but I am ill and cannot long survive, and I feared to delay.

And.....Do not consider me Senor, it is my duty.

Van.....When I came here I sought the Padre Salcedo, whom formerly I knew most intimately.

And.....The Padre Salcedo has gone to his reward, Senor.

Van..... So I have just learned. Padre, I do not wish to keep you from your dead, so I will not long detain you. Were it not that I am in such great extremity, I would not so intrude upon your grief.

And.....I believe you sir. It is my vocation to minister to the spiritual necessities of others, and my sufferings must not be allowed to interfere or conflict with that duty. Proceed Senor, I am at your service.

Van.....With gratitude Padre. I continue. Personally I am unknown to you, but in San Francisco, I am highly honored and hold a respected position. My name is John Van Raer. I am of a family whose lineage extends to the early colonists of New Amsterdam. To me has come, great material success Padre, and I have been extremely prosperous.

And.....Then how are you in distress? Is your suffering of the mind or body?

Van..... Of both Padre. Physically and mentally I am broken and despairing. Before relating to you the reason for

my present sufferings, it will be well to tell you that I am not of your religion, nor am I in fact of any faith: my only belief being in the existence of a Divine Providence, whose justice and severity I have had bitter reason to acknowledge.

And .....It is well, since you do acknowledge Him.

Van.....Did Padre Salcedo still survive, much might be spared me, for he was conversant with the matter which so troubles me now. Having once inflicted a terrible injury upon a member of your church, I now desire to obtain from you some consolation and relief. I have been inspired to this explanation by the hope of ridding myself of this heavy burden of misery and guilt, that I acquired so long ago.

And.....(solemnly) God's mercy is great Senor, use it freely.

Van .....Forgive me for my hesitancy, but I cannot approach this subject without experiencing the greatest suffering. Padre, my story is a sad one, and is so fraught with misery and degradation, that I sink in shame before you.

And.....Do not think of me Senor, proceed.

Van.....Years ago young sir, I found myself bereft of family and fortune at a single blow. Reared in idleness and plenty, I was now compelled to earn for myself the necessaries of my existence. With the unalterable resolution of regaining all that my name had lost, I boldly entered upon my career. Possessed of the highest ideals and with the greatest ambition, I was determined to plod on unwaveringly, in the hope that through me would be restored all that misfortune had so ruthlessly demanded.

And.....You were right Senor, to persevere.

Van..... Having met with some success, I now determined in furtherance of my projects, to accomplish at one stroke a still greater advance. This was to secure by a judicious marriage, the influence and assistance of the most highly respected jurist in the state.

And..... A grave matter Senor.

Van..... Again successful, I was accepted and became bound to one, whom though I did not love her, I yet esteemed most highly. Arrived at this juncture of my life, with every prospect of a prosperous future, I encountered my fate. Coming hither to facilitate the business of my employers, I met the one woman in all the world whom I could love.
(pauses with emotion.)

And..... (kindly) Proceed Senor.

Van..... Young, beautiful, gifted; of a family whose origin receded into the years, she appeared to me the perfect embodiment of the ideal woman. Surrounded with all that love and a tender devotion could suggest she was as innocent and pure as an angel. Without realizing my danger and charmed with her gentleness and beauty, I sought and obtained the honor of her acquaintance. It having developed that the business which brought me to Monterey, concerned her father, this acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. from which the transition to a more fervid sentiment was inevitable.

And..... You say this occurred in Monterey?

Van..... In Monterey. Well, from that time, it was the old, old, story. Lulled into forgetfulness by these new and alluring emotions, and all unconscious of my obligation, I allowed myself to fall deeper and deeper into an abyss, whence I could only issue at the price of a woman's honor; at the peril of a woman's soul.

And .....(fearfully) Horrible, Senor, horrible!

Van.....(with great emotion) Oh Padre, you cannot know the anguish that was mine. Pledged in honor and in loyalty to another with the additional obligation of my oath to a dying father, to restore and perpetuate my name honorably, yet with the spectacle of this great distress before me, how was I to determine?

And .....[meaningly) How indeed, Senor?

Van ....'Tis true her family was above reproach, but still it was not the alliance that the world would have approved and I did not care to defy it. Well so I drifted along with the tide that was so rapidly bearing me towards my destruction. (growing more excited) Then on a sudden came a terrible awakening and frighted and appalled, I realized my position. In that fierce, wild, moment I seemed to stand as on a precipice and—hell yawned beneath, eager to engulf me. (wildly) Oh, to recall the past, to blot out the weary years that have intervened, and to have chosen differently.

And.....(greatly agitated) And how did you determine Senor?

Van .....But you seem greatly agitated Padre; perhaps in your bereaved and stricken condition, my story is more than you can endure?

And.....[intensely) No, no, Senor; proceed.

Van.....Placed in such a terrible position, my heart imperatively urging me one way; my ambi ion, the other; wracked and tormented by the violence of my disappointment, I yielded to my stronger passion and despite her agony and despair, I repudiated her and denied my obligation. Fleeing from the place I left her to meet her disgrace, helpless and alone.

And.....(furiously) And she? What became of this woman, whom your cowardice and infamy had destroyed?

Van..... (pathetically) The one single ray of hope that has remained to me since that fatal time, is the knowledge that though disgraced and despoiled, she was not cast out of her father's house. Despite her shame and my desertion, she was not allowed to destroy herself. Her father, whose love triumphed over the sensation of his grief and dishonor, forgave and cared for her. Since that time, save only for the knowledge of her misfortune and the memory of my perfidy, she has lived in peace. (acutely) The only solace that has been vouchsafed me in the misery of my existence, is the certainty that Inez did not suffer further.

And.....(intensely) Inez?

Van .....Yes, Inez, that was her name. (noticing Andreo's excitement) But you seem greatly excited Padre? What is the matter; shall I summon assistance?

And.....Oh, it is nothing, the emotions of the day have weakened me, that is all. Do not alarm yourself on my account; I am quite well, only your story moves me strongly. Go on I pray you.

Van.....Well after the terrible event, I fled away as from contagion. I was married to the lady to whom I was promised, and who never understood my aversion and dislike to revisit Monterey. Years passed until my wife died, leaving me childless and alone. She was a good woman Padre, and she loved me to the end, ignorant of my perfidy and dishonor.

And.....A just punishment Senor.

Van.....Again time passed and I never remarried. Years thereafter, I could endure this terrible silence no longer and so I determined to return to Monterey and to find Inez and implore her forgiveness and to give me some part in the affections of my child. In spite of all that had occured I still loveed her and being


SAN MIGUEL
MISSION
CARMEL MISSION
SANTA BARBARA
MISSION

alone decided to cast myself upon her mercy to pour out all the bitterness and anguish of my life in an effort to obtain her pardon and recognition. I could no longer live without it, and I prefered to brave any alternative to obtain it.

And..... (intensely) And you returned?

Van..... Yes.

And..... And what was her answer?

Van..... That having repudiated her; I was entitled to no portion of the affection of my son. For herself. she freely forgave me but told me to leave her presence forever. As for my son, his father was dead to him and he must never be resurrected.

And. ....'Twas most just.

Van..... (painfully) Oh, she was an angel, and never for one single moment during all those terrible years. have I ceased to love her. She was to me, though she knew it not, my life, my inspiration and my hope; though I wronged her, I loved her and I shall always love and honor Inez Mazalveda.

And..... (observing Van and wildly excited) Inez Mazalveda! Great God! Can this be true? Am I the sport of fancy, the victim of an hallucination, or has a miracle come to pass?

Van..... (alarmed) Why, what is the matter, Padre? You seem to be in great excitement. you are agitated and disturbed! What can be the matter, you are in distress, Padre; what is it? (fearfully) Why how strangely you look at me! How fixed and inquiring is your gaze? Padre, Padre, what is the matter; tell me, you alarm me? (as in sudden recognition) By Heaven! this is not our first meeting? (doubtingly) Where have I seen you before? Ah yes, now I re-

member; it was in the garden of the Rancho El Mario, on that terrible day that I was dismissed. That is it. It must be——and yet it seems that I must know you. Surely it could not be? (wonderingly) I never saw you before and yet your likeness is strong to some one I have known, long, long ago. Great Heavens Padre, help me, tell me, who are you?
(During speech Van has slowly approached Padre, who has been regarding him in intense silence. Andreo with great cry, drasgs Van by the throat and throws him to his knees, where he holds him with his left hand.)

And.....I am your judge!

Van.....(hysterically) Oh, to think of all those years, and now to meet him thus.

And.....(throwing Van from him.) Ah sir, it is Providence that has brought you here to me, and it is Providence that will punish you. After all these years, I meet at last, the betrayer of my sainted mother; who lies there in the church, before her God.

Van.....(wildly) Dead! Inez, dead? My God, my God! that You should reserve this for my final punishment?

And.....So at last I meet the man who is responsible for my being, the author of my existence, who spurned and repudiated me. (wildly) At last I behold the dog who could so desecrate and defile a sanctuary. Ah sir, the inspiration that brought you hither was a holy one and I am glad that you followed it. To me then is delegated the sacred office of avenging my mother and I will not falter.

Van.....(in terror) Padre, my son, what would you do?

And..... An act of justic. Too long have you been allowed to remain unpunished for the nameless crime, of which you are guilty. For all these years you have remained

unmolested, whilst my mother, she who was so pure and gentle, has been compelled to undergo the miserable consequences of your infamous treatment. She has endured a martyrdom beside which your puny sufferings seem as nothing.

Van.....(brokenly) My son.

And.....Ever since I have been old enough to realize my position, I have suffered from the knowledge of the infamy of my birth. To you, I am no son, to me, you are no father. I repudiate and repulse you with horror. You can never be aught to me, for you, there can be no redemption, for such as you, are accursed.

Van.....(horrified) Oh do not say, "accursed"! Pity, my son, pity me. Surely you cannot mean to do me violence? Think only of how I have repented for my sin, of my sufferings and remorse, and it must inspire your heart with mercy.

And.....Nothing that you can summon to your defense can aid you now, in your extremity. Coward and traitor dastard and cur, the judgment of God is upon you, and you cannot evade your doom. (in an ecstasy of pain and exaltation.) Oh. sainted mother, look down upon your anguished son and grant me absolution for that, which I am about to do. Oh, madre mio, you who were so basely, cruelly deceived and so fearfully punished for a crime of which you were only the innocent victim; the moment of your vindication is at hand and it is I who will avenge you.

Van.....(in great distress) What would you do.

And.....(to Van and working himself into a passion) Monster of iniquity, whom Heaven has spared until now that I may mete out to you the awful vengeance of an outraged and affronted Deity, prepare yourself, for your end is near. Bad and wicked man who has wrought

so much that is of evil, your punishment has at last overtaken you, and the terrible moment of your expiation is at hand and it is I— — —?
(again grasps Van by the throat and is about to kill him when in the midst of their struggle, the doors leading from church swing open as if by chance or the draught and the sound of a silver bell being struck is heard destinctly, as it rings clear and musically. Andreo pauses suddenly as if recalled to a sense of his position as a minister of God, and the impossibility of his retaliation on Van. A pause.)

Van.....(painfully and brokenly) Well my son, why do you hesitate?

And.....(without noticing Van's question, releases him, then throws himself despairingly on praying stool half-sobbing) My God, it is too late, I can no longer avenge my mother,

(A pause during which Van slowly recovers himself and approaches Andreo)

Van.....(plaintively) Do you hate me so very much?

And.....(recovering himself with an effort) Hate you? No, I loathe and detest you. I can no longer hate you for now it is my duty to forgive you. I am only aggrieved that I so far forgot myself as to threaten you.

Van.....Oh my son, was it for this only that I have been led to come to you?

And.....Give thanks to God Senor, and to the wisdom and generosity of my mother, who lying there in the church dead, has yet so arranged it that you would remain unmolested. Oh wise and far seeing angel, you who hast seemed to penetrate and define the future, I realize now the depth and clemency of your design to make me what I am. How great and good thou wast and yet——? (longingly and regretfully)

Van.....(mildly) Surely you do not regret your inability to harm me?

And.....No Senor, I do not regret it ——now. All that is over. As for you sir, depart in peace, your mission is accomplished.

Van.....(brokenly) Ah my son, your vengeance will not be long delayed. I am old, crushed and broken, annihilated by the accumulated sorrows of my life, and I can not long survive the terrible shock, I have just received. I can no longer withstand the effort of an existence that is hateful to me, and I care not how soon the end may come. Something seems to warn me that my presence here to-day is the result of no chance, but on the contrary is the unmistakable manisfestation of Divine premeditation. Oh my son, you will never know or appreciate the extent to which I have been punished and I pray to God you will never know the misery that I endure.

And.....You are ill Senor, and in suffering, therefore I am constrained to spare you further unhappiness. For such guilt as yours there can be no adequate expiation, save only at the mercy of God, to whom I pray that He may hear you and forgive you.

Van.....One single hope only remains to me in the chaos of my life and that is to obtain from you, pardon for what I have done. It is too late now to make reparation, save only by my tears, and therefore I ask, nay beg of you to grant me this one boon before I leave. Remember your mother did not deny me.

And.....(calmly) Senor, for I can not call you father, my mother was an angel and terrible as was your treatment of her, I am sure that she did pardon you. As between God and man, I cannot presume to decide, that must be referred to One above, who will read your motives and will judge you accordingly. All that I can

do I will do. As for myself, I pardon you most sincerely. If the intercession of my constant supplications in your behalf, can gain you peace, then you may yet obtain relief. May you find contentment and repose in your future life; happiness I know, is beyond you.

Van.....It is well my son, and I thank you and will not keep you longer from your duty. Go to her who was and is a saint. (breaking as his memory reverts to her) Oh, my God! Inez, that I should be condemned to leave you thus again and to wander forth upon that painful journey to the grave alone. Inez, how the magic of your name still thrills my soul. How beautiful it is, and how my heart responds with loving emotion to its memories. How it awakens in my being every sentiment of affectionate re——? (breaks off suddenly as if in great pain.)

And.....(alarmed) Senor, Senor, what is the matter are you ill?

Van.....(without heeding him) Ah, the time is long Inez, but patience, I am coming. I shall be with you soon and all will be well and——(with great cry) Ah, at last, I shall be at peace. It seems as if I could not breathe. Oh, heavens what sensation is this which oppresses me? Oh, death, I welcome you gladly. How I have longed for you, and how patiently I have waited.

And.....(much alarmed) What is the matter? Shall I summon assistance? You are ill Senor; I will call for help, for I have no wish now that you should die.

Van.....(seating himself with the help of Andreo at table R.) And I my son, have no wish to live. Do not be alarmed or call anyone and do not leave me. Ah, cruel, heartless world wherein I have found only suffering and disappointment, I leave you at last.

And.....Do not say so sir, for there is hope yet, you will

recover. You can yet live to atone.

Van .... (solemnly) I have atoned, my son, for my life has been a curse to me and I do not wish to prolong it; pity me and pray for me my son, for I have been very wicked and my deeds have brought missery and disgrace to those I have loved. To me the end is near, and I shall find rest and peace at last.

And.... (anxiously and much alarmed) Senor!

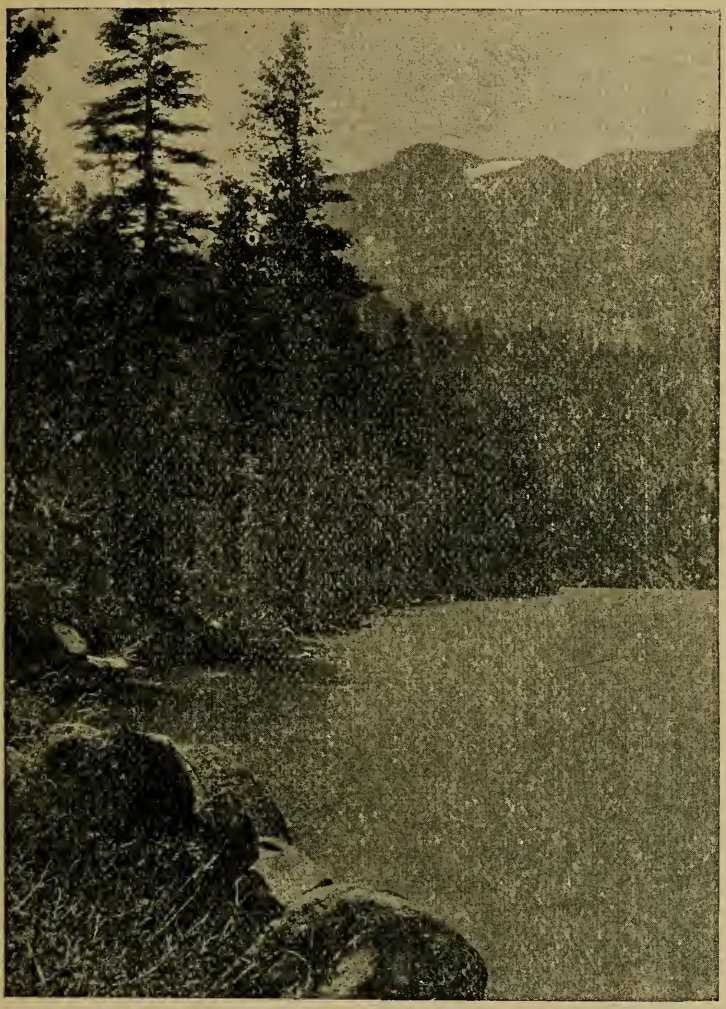
Van.... (rising and turning weakly to Andreo) Farewell my son, I go to greet—— your—— (with a great cry he falls on the stage) Inez! (Expires.)

And.....(solemnly and brokenly standing over Van.) May God have mercy on his soul. Requiescat in pace. (turns to small altar and sinks on his knees on praying stool with head buried on cushion, while his arms are raised to statue on alter. Oh madre mio! (sobs convulsively.)

Benito enters from church R. D. and stands as if amazed holding both doors wide open whilst full choir is heard chanting the mass.

— CURTAIN. —

L. of C.





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